MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 58 $5.95

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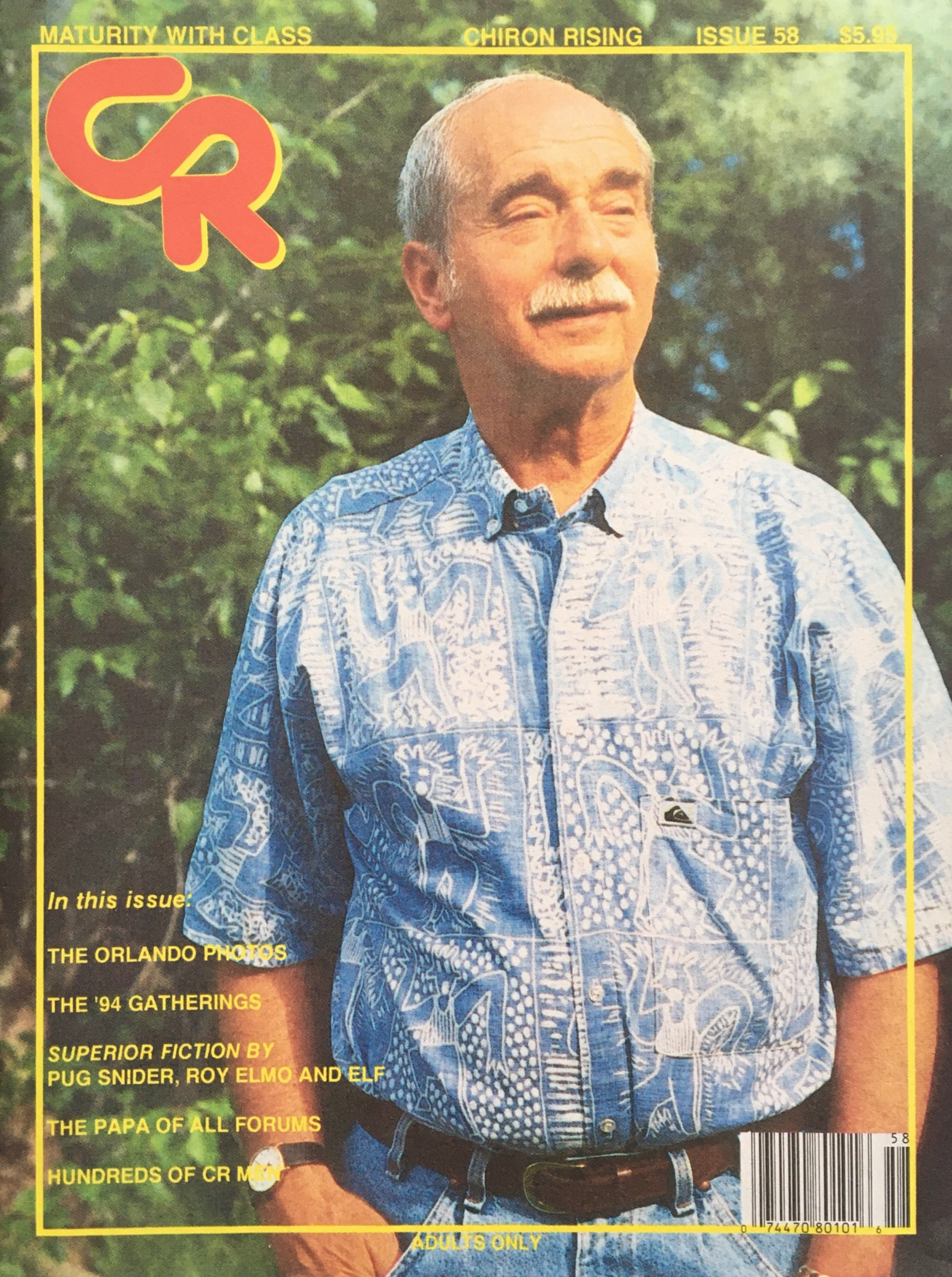

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THE ORLANDO PHOTOS

THE '94 GATHERINGS

SUPERIOR FICTION BY
PUG SNIDER, ROY ELMO AND ELF

THE PAPA OF ALL FORUMS

HUNDREDS OF CR MEN

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ADULTS ONLY

C.B.
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SIMON BARR

CHIRON RISING TM MAGAZINE
ISSUE 58

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EDITORS
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CHIRON RISING (ISSN 1059-5244) is published bimonthly at Los Angeles, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $38.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan.

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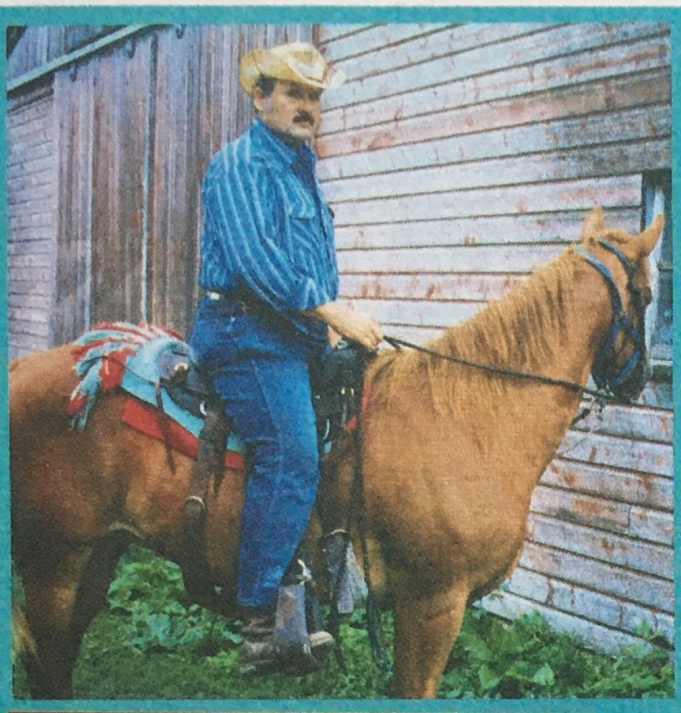
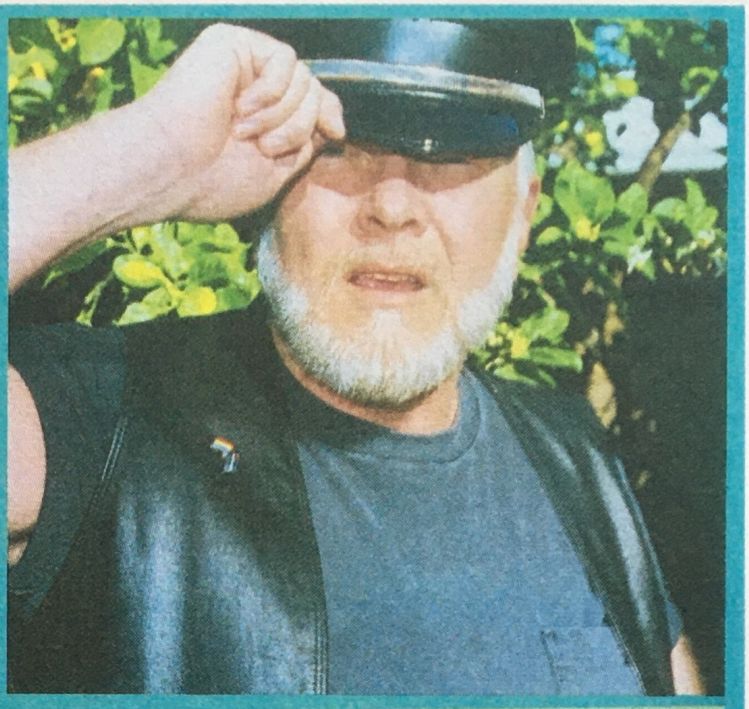
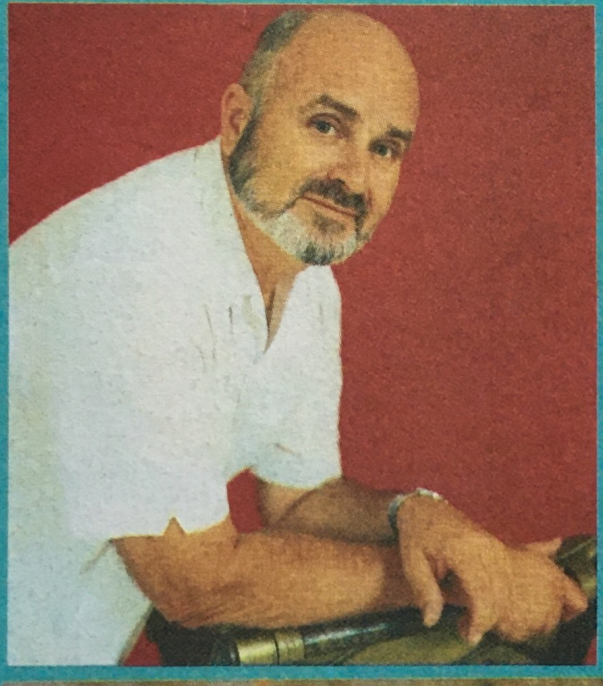
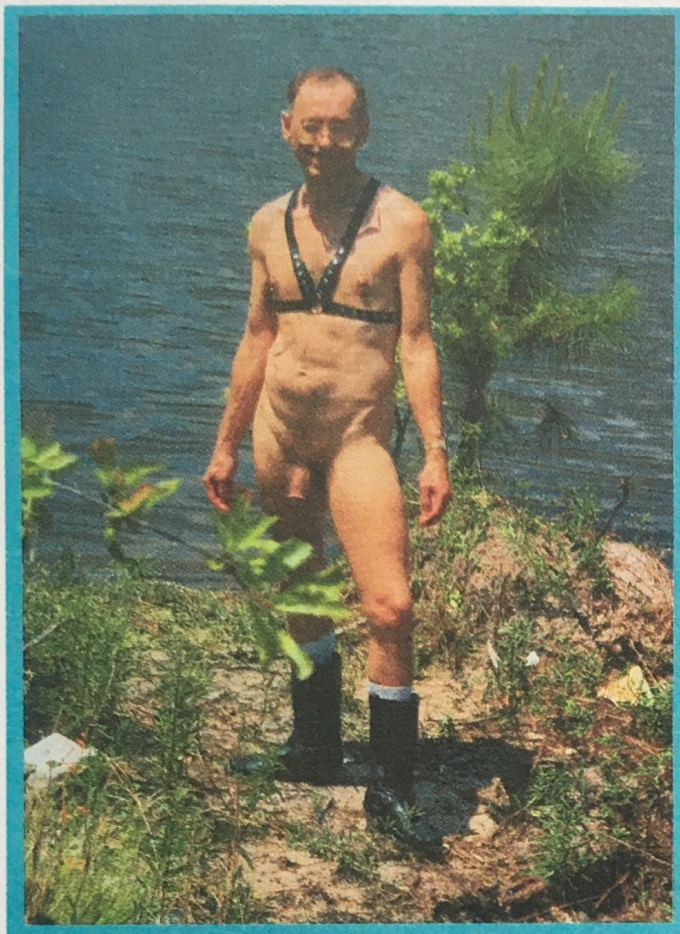
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

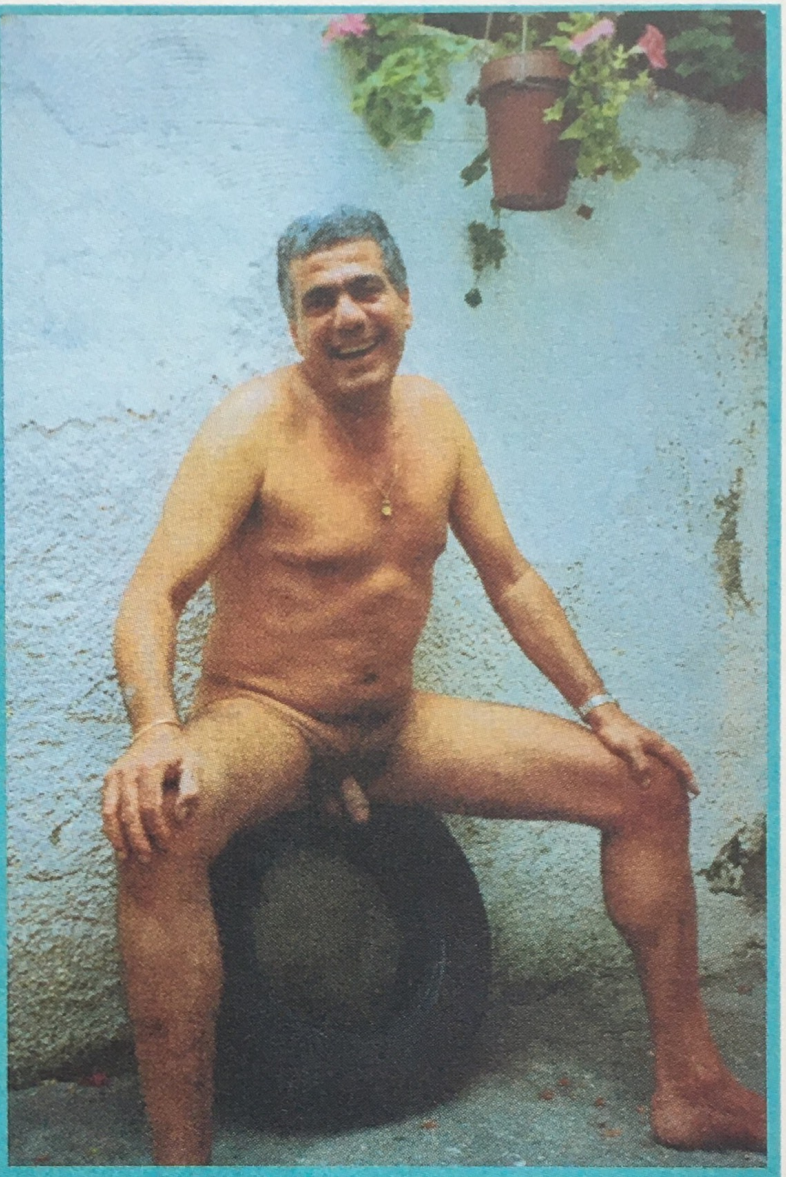






(Clockwise from upper left) **COWBOY** - photo by COLONEL; **BRUCE** - photo by RICHARD; **SMILING-THRU** - self-portrait; **RALPH OF FLORIDA** - photo by BLITZER; **W.R.** - photo by PRO; **KEEFER** - self-portrait; BLACKJACK - photo by K.M.; **(center) GUITARMAN** - photo by J.C.

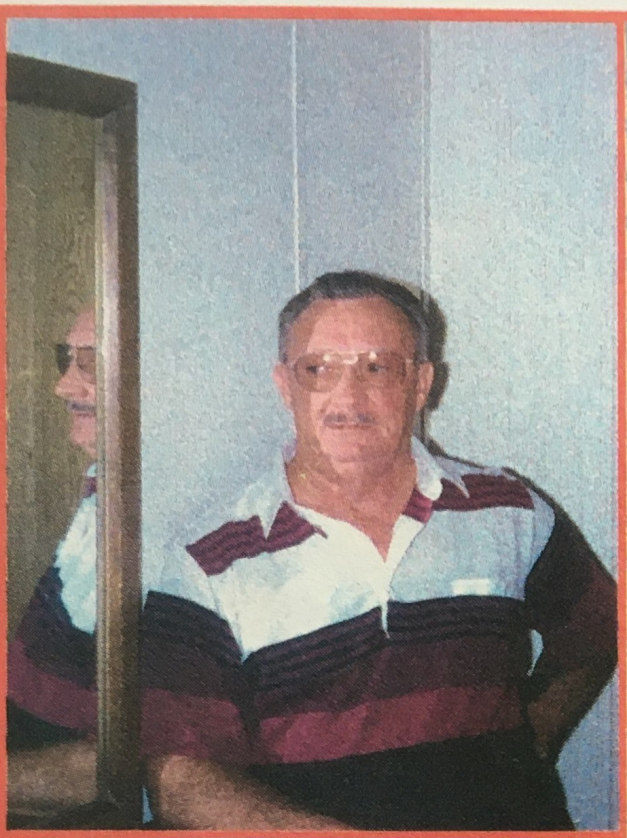


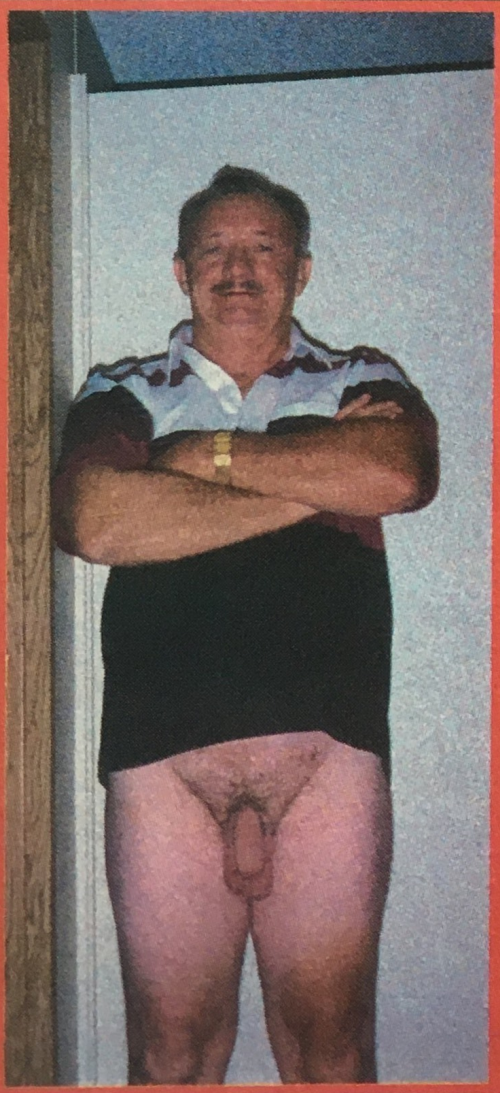


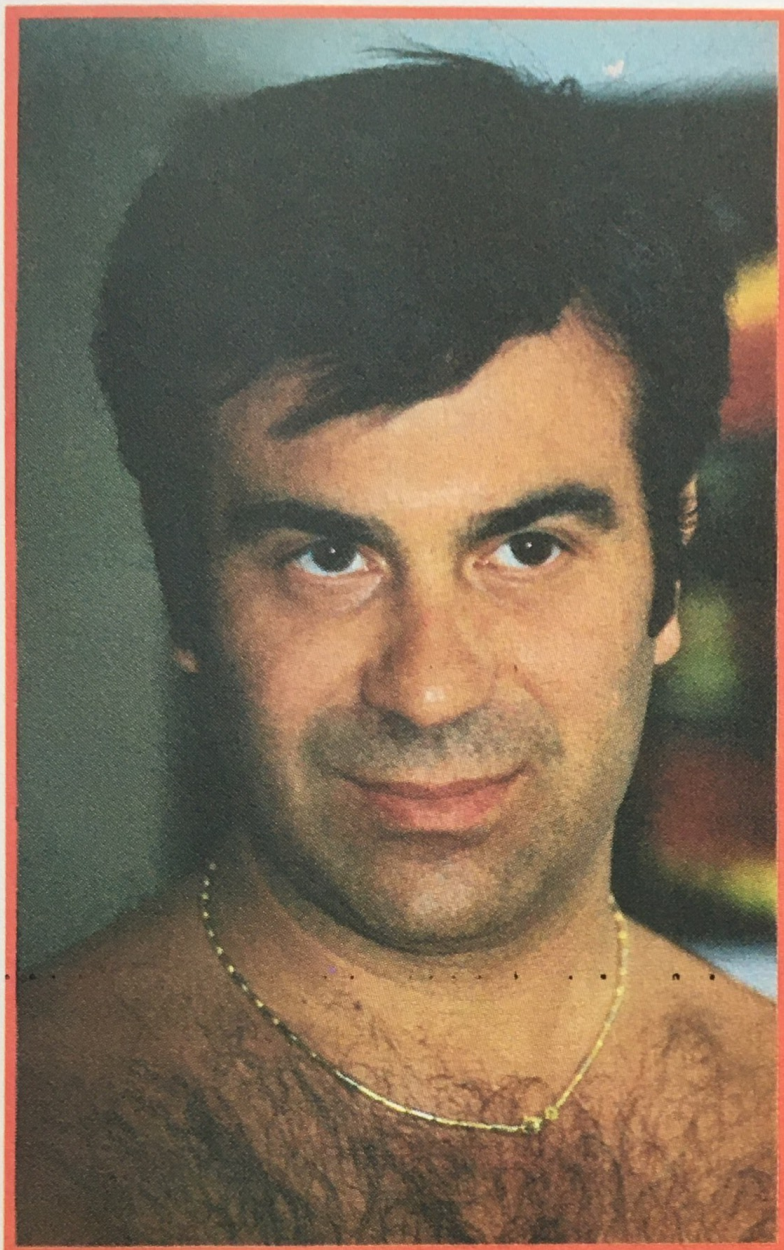
(Clockwise from upper left) **PENNSYLVANIA CUBBY** - photo by TOMCAT; **MATHEW** - photo by BEN OF TEL AVIV; **UNICORN** - photo by SEAN; **ROADRUNNER OF CT** - self-portrait; **THE CAPTAIN** - self-portrait.

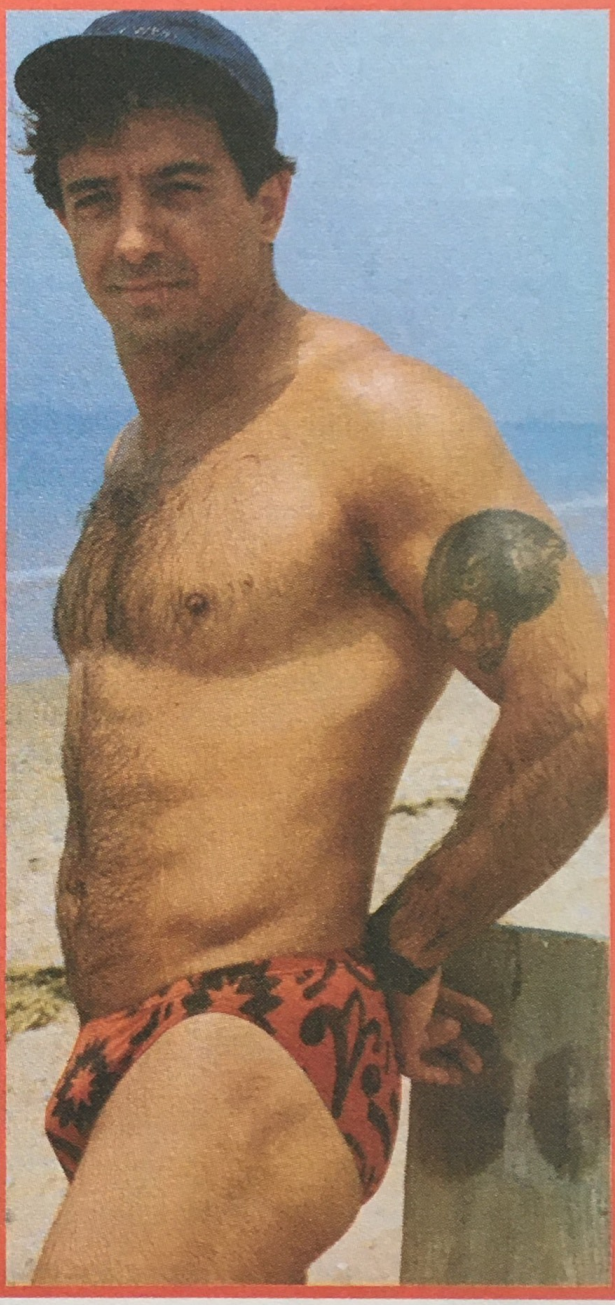
ED HARVEY

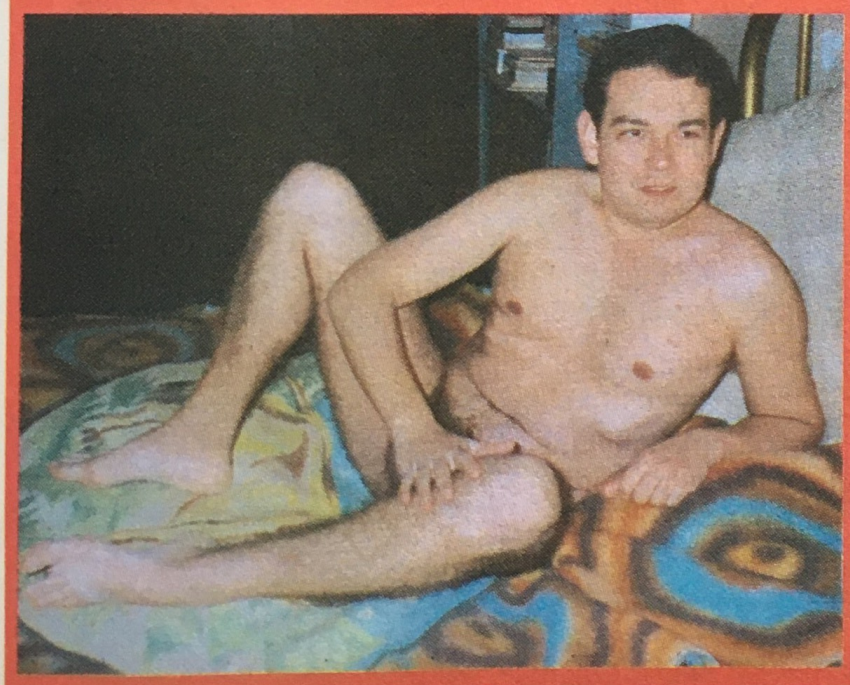
photos by P.H. COLLEY











(Clockwise from upper left) **SPARTACUS** - photo by ICARUS; **CRAIG** - photo by ANON; **BRAVO** - photo by KEVIN; **MANUEL** - photo by TETONNA

FORUM

MORE ON THE ORLANDO GATHERING

The Orlando Gathering was an absolute delight. Good people, good friends, good refreshments, good food, good times, good sex and a feeling of something new and exciting happening for older gay men and their admirers. Don't know who said it—it must have been Woody or yourself in your remarks at the banquet—but Stephen and I both agree that it was "The Woodstock for older gay men and their friends." We were happy to come away with some new friends and very great memories. And I also sported a brilliant sunburn and am still peeling. But what the hell, it was fun! You both did an excellent job in organization and pulling off a great affair after such a troubled beginning. We look forward to next year in Las Vegas or wherever you have it. Congratulations! ROB DADEO and STEVE/Oregon

We completely enjoyed the Orlando Gathering. Just being in the company of you and 300 other wonderful and sexy men was one of the best experiences of community and brotherhood we've ever had. We can't begin to thank you enough for all the hard work and frustrations you must have had putting this event together—much of it at relatively the last minute. John McNeill was one of the highlights of the weekend. What an inspiration to all of us! Las Vegas sounds like a great choice for the next gathering, and we're already looking forward to joining you there. We hope that you will have one or two more events such as a breakfast or brunch and that we can have a hospitality suite so that it will be easier to meet and talk to others. It was somewhat more difficult at the pool area with all the other hotel guests wandering in and out of our midst. God bless you both and keep you in good health. What you are doing for us is so wonderful and important that we can't think of a way to adequately express our feelings of affection for you both. DICK & JOE/Pennsylvania

Since a staggering assortment of fine food and entertainment is in walking distance from The Aladdin, we felt that an added cocktail party with outrageously lavish goodies was the way to go. We'll also have a hospitality room for 300-500 from 4:00 p.m. Sunday through midnight on Wednesday morning. The room will be divided into two sections: one for socializing and one for entertainment. Money is a factor, of course, hence the higher registration rate. But all costs considered, it'll still be much cheaper than Orlando. PHC

I just wanted to send along my own small thank you and congratulate you on a job well done. You really pulled it off. I'm not exaggerating when I say the 93 Gathering was the most memorable experience of my 31 years on this Earth. When I first discovered and acted on my sexual desires growing up, I felt that I was all alone in my attraction to older men. The advent of SWAN and CR proved that there were others who shared my unique taste. But it wasn't until the Orlando convention that I realized that we are all one big extended family: The CR Family. As I looked around the banquet hall Saturday night, it was a dream come true: in that sea of white hair around me were people of every size, shape, color, creed, race, age, and type--united together as friends. It also showed the heterosexuals in the same hotel that gays can peacefully coexist and behave themselves in public and set examples for others to follow. It's too bad Colin Powell, Dan Quayle and Jesse Helms couldn't make it to the Gathering. They would have certainly learned a thing or two about "family values." It was great to see old acquaintances again and meet so many new friends too numerous to mention. It was also my pleasure to add another member to our ever-increasing family. I was fortunate enough to meet a gentleman from the Orlando area in the hotel bar Friday night who had never heard of SAGE or Prime Timers, let alone CR. He said he decided to drop by the hotel because a skeptical friend told him our group was supposed to be there and he didn't believe such an organization existed. Why would anyone, young or old, he wondered, want anything to do with an older man such as himself in this youth-oriented world? Needless to say, after seeing our numbers, he registered on the spot and is now a member of our family network. As I drove away from Orlando Sunday afternoon with tears in my eyes, I knew it would be an entire year before we would all be together again. To Pat, Bruce, and everyone else who made it possible, thank you from the bottom of my heart. Please put my name on the list for the 94 CR Family Reunion! STEVEN JAMES/Ohio

The most often repeated phrase at the Gathering was, "I think I died and went to heaven." My sentiments exactly. I have never had a better time with my clothes on or off. And what is extraordinary: the clothes-on part was as good as the clothes-off part. Plus: given the nature of the gathering, the fact that the main speaker at the banquet, Fr. McNeill, was a theologian talking about theology was miraculous. That his speech was exalting is a further miracle. The audience was truly uplifted and showed it. All the speeches were wonderful. When I arrived I wondered at the paucity of events. I'm used to long boring academic papers such as "The Place of the Dildo in Ancient Sumerian Civilizations," or "The Poma Lift: Anal Eroticism as a Form of Transportation." Clearly I was wrong. There were lots of serious discussions and lots of information traded and certainly group activity of the most elevated kind. I kept thinking about waiting a whole year for the next Gathering. Woe is me. Again, thank you for providing so many people with such a glorious time, me included. PATRICK O'CONNOR/VT

I wonder how many within The Family realize the great debt of gratitude we owe PAPA BEAR for the success of these

Gatherings? In 1991 he hosted a small group of local supporters at a very informal get-together. That simple low-key beginning led PAPA and BABY BEAR, even though faced with myriad financial problems, to insist upon hosting the first CR GATHERING in 1992. One hundred men descended upon their lovely House of a Thousand Flowers. This year over three hundred were present in Orlando, and now, for 1994, there will be *two* Gatherings. See what you started, PAPA BEAR? All I can say is thank you so very much. You really are one of the prime movers of our Family. FLORES/Northern California

So very true. PAPA BEAR & BABY BEAR gave birth to the idea and did a wonderful job of hosting the '92 Gathering. As a matter of fact, it was their suggestion that we do yearly Gatherings and even offered their place again for '93. I reluctantly agreed to do another Gathering but insisted that we show respect for the family members back east by having it on the East Coast. Due to the success at Orlando and the surge in new subscribers since then, I am no longer reluctant. PHC

Thank you so much for the "Miracle In Orlando." It was just that: a miracle, going from near disaster to glorious success. I heard so many people saying how magical and powerful the weekend was. It was the weekend I had dreamed about all my life. What an incredible event! I was greatly anticipating it and was not disappointed. Three hundred sexy men together--young, old, fat, skinny, black and white. All those wonderful people together enjoying each other's company. Many people spent plenty of time in the rooms paired up, but a lot stayed around the pool visiting. I saw many old friends from Mardi Gras and met many new ones. This was different from Mardi Gras: more spiritual. To be able to put faces with names and human spirits with the faces from the magazine was terrific. This magazine has meant so much to me. I'm one of the ones whose life it has changed, and it was great to finally meet its creators. You guys are such a delight and inspiration to be around. I felt so privileged to visit with you Sunday in a relaxed atmosphere. You bet that you can count me in for Las Vegas and the cruise. The hotel was first class. Nice rooms and friendly staff. The pool area became the center of activity night and day. I was sick that I missed most of Friday, but I made up for it the other two days. I never imagined that I would walk in at midnight Friday and get lucky immediately, but fate (or cupid) smiled down upon me. The cocktail party and banquet were "top drawer"! I was cross-eyed at the cocktail party looking at all the gorgeous CR models. The banquet was not to be believed. I found myself laughing one minute and crying the next. It was so moving to see 300 special men in the same room with a common bond of love. I really felt like history was being made and was getting in on the ground floor of something big. The speeches were concise, informative, witty and inspiring. C.J. made me wish there was a SAGE in Arkansas. Woody had me rolling in the aisles with nostalgic humor. John McNeill really got this estranged Southern Baptist to thinking. I felt a strong sense that everyone was putting aside their differences and coming together for the good of all of us. Afterwards, swapping stories around the pool with other CR folks made me realize how fortunate we are to have the magazine to bring us all together. The brunch the next morning looked like a media event with all the flash bulbs going off. Everyone scrambling around for that last shot of a new friend, model or just someone in the crowd they thought was gorgeous. I came away feeling much better about life and my fellow man. Not to sound overly idealistic, because the world hadn't changed . . . but I had. The glow hasn't worn off yet. M.D.H./Arkansas

THUMBS UP

I would like to congratulate you on your wonderful magazine. It is about time that mature men are held in the superior light they so richly deserve, and that a younger person such as I (a 33-year-old who has always admired them) has a publication that covers all my interests. The mature gentleman has all that is exceptional in the male form. He has sturdy character, wisdom and distinguished looks. He is loving and caring in a relationship, and above all, proud of himself if given the support that he so rightly deserves. N.G./Queensland, Australia

Ever since the age of five, I have been fascinated by and attracted to male genitalia. Long before I discovered steam baths and gay tourist inns, I fantasized about licking and chewing on older men. Little did I realize that one day I would have the good fortune of meeting "thinking" and "caring" individuals who transcend the more mundane but necessary desire to satisfy basic animal instincts. I have been blessed to meet so many wonderful human beings and creative minds through CR writings. You bring joy into my life that no one can take away from me. I love you all and thank you for sharing your lives with many friends. F.H./Maryland

I received a good letter from KRB in North Carolina telling how much he and his friend Bill enjoyed the Orlando Gathering. Read again the last part of your super *Swimming to Venezuela.* I've lost count of how many times I've enjoyed it. Also liked the photography of the Motel Rendezvous (GEORGIA EDDIE and SMOKY MOUNTAIN BEAR in CRC #2). Those are two pretty boys. J.R./Pasadena

I've been a long-time subscriber and I applaud what you do and what you have done. Issue #56 is nice. I personally like the flat, matte, non-glossy format better. You've put a great deal more photos in that issue to appeal to a wider range of people. I think that's smart. I liked three of the models a lot, so that's enough for me. Have I noticed that the personal ads are dwindling? Oh, well. Keep up the trailblazing. S.R.S./Los Angeles

Don't forget to count photos as ads. Many CR "models" are looking too. Since we don't offer free ads or "load" our classifieds with bogus ads like some other magazines with hundreds of ads, we expect to have fewer. Some months the ads are down; other times, they're up. Less than six tenths of one percent of our readers advertise or model. We estimate that almost nine percent of our readers respond to ads, however (based on the 400-500 pieces of mail we

process for models and coded advertisers per issue). Our readership is substantially up, so we assume that our readers are rather shy. PHC

I was mesmerized with *Swimming to Venezuela* (CRC#2) that I almost read it through in one sitting, with times out to piss a few times and have another drink. Many, many hip-hip-hoorays for another mind-boggling erotic story. I say to myself: "Self, how does he do it time and time again?" I also loved "The Other Publisher's Two Cents" (CR#56), needling the assholes who can't see beyond the length of their various pricks. Bless you, Bruce. Perhaps if I can get off my almost 79-year-old ass and answer some ads, I can find someone for myself once again. I shall let you know in plenty of time if I can stop by and see you both on my annual jaunt to Palm Springs in December. Errol, and woof-woofs from Samantha/Northern California.

Back at you with woof-woofs from our Samantha (actually, her name is Sammi). Our thickest red carpet goes out for dog lovers. How do I do it time and time again? I don't. The next CR CLASSICS (#3) will have several erotic stories by some of our best writers and will feature photography on the naughtier side like #2. In response to encouragement by someone very special, I'm currently attempting a romantic, gay/bisexual-themed, crossover novel. If it bombs in New York, I'll eroticize it, wrap it in controversy, and offer it to CR CLASSICS readers in #4. PHC

At long last I have gotten settled back in NYC. It was a hell of a couple of years in California, but I'm glad to be back. I now have a job and a home--what more could a man want from life?! I've been following the scuttlebutt and articles about the GATHERING in Orlando. Everything I've heard is that it was a huge success. Congratulations! I will have to wait and attend the one in Las Vegas. I just received Issue 56 and CLASSICS #2 and what a load I shot! Some of those models are too hot to handle. One of them, GEORGIA EDDIE, is just too cute to not write to. I was very taken by the poem by Patrick O'Connor. Having been around the New York scene for a number of years, I'd come to know and respect Angel. Upon hearing of Johnny's Pub's demise while in CA, I shed a tear, for it was one of a kind. While on the subject of pubs, a number of men here have related to me their surprise and disbelief over the blurb by TOM SILVERCHASE about The Townhouse. Never has there been more of a stand and model (S & M) bar in New York. The place is jammed and as unfriendly as can be. Not a smile on the young, yuppie faces who stand in packs waiting for something, I don't know what, to happen. I have taken numerous out-of-town seniors there only to find that they felt the same as I did. Stick to the GH and Thursday nights at the Chelsea Transfer on 8th Avenue and 17th, where Girth & Mirth-New York has its Bar Nights. I hope both of you are happy and healthy. If your pictures tell a story, you are. B.L./NYC

Today I received my sample copy of Issue 56 and feel that I've come home. I'm 70 years old and was beginning to feel that life was passing me by. After glancing quickly through the pages, I feel I'm among friends; it's a joyous feeling. Thank you and thank that issue of DADDY that told me about you. V.A./ New Hampshire

Enjoyed *Swimming to Venezuela*; however, on page 15, those trumpeter swans would be black-beaked, not red-beaked. I once was the bird-man at the Cleveland Zoo. Other than that, the story was great. FLORIDA DON

Whoops! PHC

Many thanks for #56 and CRC#2. I have already read *Swimming to Venezuela* until far into the night and liked it very much, even if the story is a little bit difficult to understand for us overseas. The end was a bit unexpected, but I liked it really. I believe in that way of living and what you wrote about jealousy. It is a kind of sickness, and I hope I never get it. Thanks for all the job you and your contributors do. I feel the warmth from you and we--all the elderly gays in the world--need you for our brotherhood. I have enclosed our magazine, *Gay-Senioren*, with some pages in English. I wrote of my trip to Copenhagen and Amsterdam. Both are oases for us European gays, but not for everyone. There is still discrimination against the elderly in some of the commercial places. I had contact with many elderly fellows who are troubled about this. But there are also good exceptions--one being the small gay Sauna Moderne in Amsterdam (Jacop van Lennepstraat nr 311). There is a very friendly atmosphere there and the clientele are elderly gays and admirers. Have a nice summer and a good Gathering in Orlando. I hope to be able to join you in '94, 25 years after the Stonewall revolt. NISSE/Stockholm

I picked up CRC#2 and CR#56 from my post office box on July 9th, a date I will long remember. I have read, reread and read them again. I am home! I no longer feel I'm alone. Thank you! Your magazines are superb. There is not one section of either magazine I did not like or enjoy: the letters, the models, the personals, the stories (*Swimming to Venezuela* is one of the best stories I have ever read, gay or straight) are all excellent. I don't regret having moved to Puerto Rico eight years ago, but for an older gay man (I'm 67), it's a lonely place to live. The few older gay men I know in their forties are all looking for younger men in their twenties. They treat me like a relic. They're even surprised to learn I can still function sexually. I am put in a special category even when they speak to me in Spanish (*usted* instead of *tú*). I am very tempted to answer some of the personals but hesitate because of shyness or fear. Maybe as I read more I'll be bold and answer a few that intrigue me (SPRINGER, AMOUR and SERGIO, especially so). I am encouraged, however, by those who have written positively of the responses they've had. In the meantime, I cannot wait until the next bimonthly issue of CR. Tom/Puerto Rico.

Tom probably assumes there are no younger lovers of older men in Puerto Rico since few of them advertise in the Classifieds. In fact, there are C-Risers of all ages living in Puerto Rico. Even more live in New York but get to San Juan often. Seek and ye shall find. Place an ad, publish your photo, come to the next Gathering. Live! PHC

Please enter my subscription to your inspiring magazine. Where else can one find pictures of horny old men and a review of Górecki's depressing, monotonous and beautiful *Symphony No. 3* on adjoining pages? D.D./Coastal Southern California

What a wonderful magazine. I was delighted, thrilled, amazed and turned on. I read every word of it, front to back--twice. I read the publisher's notice in the front, the disclaimers about responsibility, the mailing instructions, how to be a model, how to submit material, the mailing instructions, the ads (all of them), the fiction. I mean, I *read* it. I was originally attracted to CR by its name. I have since discovered, in case you didn't know, that Chiron was the wisest of the centaurs, and he also taught medicine. I also found his name in the Greek word *cheirontonia*, which means a laying on of hands. Not for nothing was old Chiron considered wise. After trying some of the other magazines and feeling I wasn't hip enough, or young enough, or did not have a belly big enough, I found Chiron. I liked it immediately. I'm not exactly sure how you do it, but I particularly savor the mix of erotica and wholesomeness. That's probably the East Coast post-preppy talking, but that is what will make me look for the postman bringing my new copies. M.L./Coastal Southern California

CR remains blessedly unique and fills the void between "Daddy" and "Bear." Keep fillin' them "voids" darlin'! W.S./ Northern California

After too long procrastinating, I bought Issue #57. "A Little Touch of Harry" is one of the very best gay short stories I've had the pleasure to devour in the past few months. It ranks with the best of the ones I read in *Men On Men* #2 and #4. The photos are great. I do hope that one of these days I'll have a smile on my face like BABY BEAR's on page 62. T.K./Seattle

THUMBS DOWNERS

Recommendations for improvement: 1) Delete the "music" column; 2) No more recipes; 3) Much tighter editing needed in the "video review" column. Sloppily written. R.H./ Ohio

A solicited critique from a publishing consultant? Not quite. R.H. is a bright, well-intentioned, highly supportive (until today) journalist/communications consultant who uses words like conundrum *in correspondence. EXOCET had only hours to watch the videos and write the review. I personally edited and formatted the video column at the last minute. There were a couple of typos, but I disagree that the article was sloppily written. R.H.'s recommendations in essence: fire FINNEY & JOHN, KOOKABURRA and EXOCET; crack the whip on the editors. Conundrum (something of a perplexing nature) indeed! Don't worry, FINNEY, JOHN, KOOKABURRA and EXOCET. Your publishers, editors and the vast majority of the readers love you. PHC*

Have enjoyed your great magazine lately with one exception: you seem to be leaning toward and putting in younger guys. This I personally DO NOT like. SWAN and now CR has and should always be devoted to the older (at least 55+) guys. I would rather see an 80-year-old than one who is 30. Anyway, stick to your old format. It was the best. F.J.C./Texas

More senior photos. Young men turn me off. I have been a member since early SWAN days. S.N./Southern California

I'm of the old SWAN days. Keep printing old chub photos. Many other mags market for chicken hawks. I know several guys who let their subscriptions run out due to the young, skinny things photos. Pat, come on and get with it. I sent you a check on June 10th for $50 and yet you sent me a notice. Tell your bookkeepers to get on the ball, or maybe they were all at Orlando and haven't checked all the mail. Hardly likely--just poor help. WILD HARE/Florida

Groaners and moaners, please read this and the following letters, because it's the last time this airhead complaint will be addressed. In SWAN's 8/86 issue, we featured our very first models: one older, one younger. We sold a little over 100 copies. In SWAN 8/87, we featured 8 models, ages 40-70, and sold around 300 copies. SWAN 12/88, which sold out at 500 copies, brought readers 14 mature models and one younger one. CR#46 (Dec 91) boasted 16 older and 4 younger and sold out at 3,000. CR#56 had a record 42 older and 12 younger models, and we've already sold 7,000 copies with a projected sellout of over 9,000. If our marketing strategy eludes some of our readers, then so be it. We have **never** *been a publication exclusively for older men who like older men. Had we gone in that direction, we would have folded the first or second year. Regarding the "poor help," Bruce opens all the mail and I do all the bookkeeping. Working 84-90 hours a week isn't conducive to 100% accuracy; neither does it promote a tolerance for insults. PHC*

THE FINAL WORDS ON THE NON-ISSUE OF FEATURING YOUNGER MEN IN CR

I'd like to lay this debate to rest, as I'm sure you do. I have a dear friend who several weeks ago informed me in no uncertain terms that he was going to cancel his CR subscription. It all started when I told him how much I enjoyed seeing the models on the "Youngsters" page. He said he was outraged that you have turned CR into a magazine featuring the same kind of young guys he can see every day in any gay porn magazine. I argued that were it not for the "Youngsters" page, I would not have been able to contact several pen-pals that like older, heavier men such as I. Currently, I write to a beautiful young man living in Canada and a neat 26-year-old student in Denver. Without the "Youngsters" page, many young men would continue to feel alone in their quest to meet mature older men. CR is at the very least a reliable resource for all age groups. I went through my old copies of CR and discovered that the average edition has a

minimum of 60 pages. Out of those 60 some pages, the vast majority of models are ages 45 through 75. These models come in all shapes, sizes, tastes, lengths, locations and backgrounds. Now *really!* Is it such a sin to devote a maximum of one or two pages to men under 40!? To carry my argument to the extreme, perhaps my friend and others who think as he does, feel that any pictures that show PAPA BEAR of BIG MAC should be cropped so that the pictures of their younger partners, BABY BEAR and DENNY, won't show! BHS/ Encino

I am a younger lover of older men, and I'm amused at all the stink caused by that insecure minority within your generally laid back and wise older-liking-older contingent. It doesn't take a mental giant to see why these men are so indignant. They're jealous. They're terrified that all older men will start liking younger men and that they will be left out in the cold. Consequently they develop an intense intolerance and even hatred for younger men. I've experienced this hostility in certain bars both in this country and abroad. I've seen discrimination against younger men in some of the social clubs for senior men (if they have an age limitation for membership, then they are guilty of discrimination). In Los Angeles and Palm Springs there are several cliques of older men which routinely exclude men under 45 (and anyone not driving a Mercedes or better) from their parties. This element, although vocal in your pages, is quite small and wouldn't support a magazine even if you published nothing but photos of men over 60. Your claim that the pool of CR readers is diverse enough to make everyone happy is absolutely true. A friend who attended the Gathering in Orlando confirmed this for me, but he observed something very interesting while visiting the bar at the Parliament House. He talked to quite a few people that night, and one younger man complained that all the older men at the bar were only interested in other older men. Later, he talked to an older fellow, who complained that all the older guys were only interested in younger men. I really believe this "debate" should be laid to rest. You can't bring light to someone who prefers the darkness. Ignore them; let them stomp their feet and cancel their subscriptions. Believe me, they'll still read CR (probably someone else's copy, like most of your readers), because there is no other publication approaching the narrow utopia they crave. Some people thrive on negativity; they're so busy glaring at the photos of younger guys that they can't even see the photo or the ad of that one older man who could change their lives. R.W./West Hollywood.

MORE ON RON COLLIER (AKA KENN RICHIE)

I'm still grappling with Ron being gone. I miss his letters, his wit and his articles for CR. I deeply regret that I couldn't meet him last year at the Russian River Gathering. I feel I missed out on something extraordinary in my life, a blown chance to meet a man who had more determination, get up and get with, than someone a third his age. As you said, he wrote of a love in his life but when that didn't pan out, he took it all in stride. I sent him boxes of envelopes and typing paper, and he was forever grateful. I never met that man, but something in me always wanted to help him whenever I could. My mate, D, is very tired, short of breath. He is such a brave man in his battle against AIDS. I have learned so much from him and in turn am helping others' pain. Often just being there, a touch on the arm, a hug, can do more than many of the medications taken. But you know, inside, it's killing me and takes much effort not to throw up my hands and walk away and hide. Of course, I would never do this. It's just seeing the pain, the knowing that things will not be better. But then, you never know, and that keeps me going . . . and D too. E.A. AMOS/Northern California

I deeply regret that I've never met E.A. AMOS, one of our earlier great writers. He has suffered through some very serious health problems of his own, yet he devotes his life to taking care of his beloved D . . . and still he has the compassion to send men like Ron writing materials. PHC

[Note: The following is in response to a letter I wrote expressing my regret that I wasn't able to conduct Ron's memorial service in October as originally planned]

I feel Ron's ashes can sit anywhere. His spirit and love are everywhere. I'm sure he's happily sharing your office and accompanying you wherever you go. Death does not end love. Ron cared very much for what you, Bruce and CR do for everyone. He even felt sorry for those who wronged him, like the guy who terrorized him with all those break-ins. Ron wished the guy would be caught so that he could get help, not because he wanted justice. Ron personified love, and you're very special to him. He dearly loved the activity surrounding you. He was a guy who loved to write and could do magic with the written word. Still I feel his greatest gift was that he could love everyone and everything, that his greatest joy was to share anything he had. His great and loving spirit was too large for any one body. It had to be shared for him to be happy. To know him was an honor and a privilege. I know he will be happy with whatever you do to honor him. COWBOY/Minnesota

We will make an announcement about Ron's memorial service and internment in the very near future. PHC

THE WORD "GAY"

I've always admired the circumspect and non-judgmental way you've described your readership. The term "gay" (which I would love to see tackled by Mr. Safire), arguably one of the most frequently used adjectives and currently a political headache for President Clinton, originally appeared to refer to a type of behavior such as femininity in a man or masculinity in a woman. More recently it has been used indiscriminately to refer to any degree of suspected same-sex sexual orientation—defiantly so by those proud of their individualism. The term "gay" has always bothered me inasmuch as it is used in both pejorative and proud contexts. How can people discuss—much less argue about—laws using a term which cannot be defined and is used in different ways by different people? BIMAN

THE LATEST ON THE VIDEO *THE LOST LANGUAGE OF CRANES*

I've been reading about the videotapes of *The Lost Language of Cranes* (CR#52 and 56). It is one of my favorite novels, and I was very disappointed that the BBC presentation never aired in good ole homophobic Birmingham. I would love to get a copy of the movie and wonder if you can help. I'm not needy yet and would be happy to pay for it or give an honorary subscription or whatever. C.H./Alabama

No need. It's now released on commercial video. We have gotten our hands on an uncut version and will be screening it at the 94 Gathering in Las Vegas. If you can't come to the 94 Gathering, see your video dealer, who can special order it for you ($90). It might even be rentable by now. PHC

BEARDS AND 'STACHES

The last two issues arrived safely. I like the new appearance. The matte finish gives a classy image as against the glossy covers previously used. One point I'd like to comment on which is beards and moustaches. I counted the models in these two issues and found that 25 had beards, 21 had moustaches and 35 were clean-shaven, which included yourselves. That means 46 models with some sort of hair on their faces as against 35 without. Now if you walked into any American town or city, would you find that high percentage of beards and moustaches amongst the male inhabitants? I'm sure you wouldn't in an English city or town. Personally I think it's a crying shame to cover up any older man's mature character face, be he handsome or plain, wrinkled or smooth. Okay, if you're a lumberjack, mountain climber, discovering the source of the Amazon, or even have a skin problem--otherwise I can't see the appeal. I do think that many men do it because it makes them look hetero, hence the high proportion of gay men with face hair! Now, Georgia Eddie, there is a face for you. A hairy, swarthy guy who could grow a beard in a few days but chooses, at present anyway, to stay clean-shaven and show off that gorgeous, handsome, masculine face. I expect he will be inundated with letters from American readers so no point in me writing him from thousands of miles away. Anyway, next to the RAM drawings, which are nearly always clean-shaven to my knowledge, that is the best face I've seen for a long time in CR. I've just filed my latest CR, including SWAN copies, a couple of CLASSICS and one ENCORE COLLECTION. I've 35 of your magazines. What would be the maximum to collect if one had bought every one of your magazines dating back to SWAN #1, and are there any readers who have the whole collection? Well, I've had my say on beards. I'd be interested in other reader's opinion on the subject. How would you feel, Pat if Bruce covered his wonderful handsome face with shaggy hair!? RAYMONDO/England

There are a few people who have all copies we've published. They paid a total of $375 to acquire them over the years. The word on the street today, however, is that a complete set in reasonably good shape will go for well over $1,000, maybe more. Beards and 'staches have no effect on me either way. PHC

THE TIME IN WHICH WE LIVE

It was nice talking to you last week. You seem like a very tolerant and non-judgmental man. As I told you, I'm very closeted and have been buying your wonderful magazine at the book stores. But after talking to you, I feel compelled to trust you and subscribe. I think your biggest asset is the FORUM and have decided to use it myself. Let me qualify what I'm about to say with the statement that I am an advocate of gay rights. But something must be said that isn't being said today, and I fear that CR may be the only available platform on which to say it. It has to do with the time in which we live. Passive resistance worked for Gandhi against the British and again to a lesser degree for Martin Luther King against American racism. On the other hand, brutal force was the only thing that worked against Hitler. Are we fighting the war against homophobia the most effective way, given the time in which we live? *Should we* be fighting a war against homophobia? The television networks give us a hint of how far we've come. On Wednesday, May 12th, NBC's "Law and Order" featured a story about how three cops were acquitted of second degree murder after refusing to aid a gay beat cop who'd been shot by drug dealers. The final lines uttered before the credits: "Twelve citizens did it again, and they voted their indifference." America's current indifference to injustice, coupled with events here in L.A. and elsewhere, have altered my views about the American legal system. Many gay activists rejoiced over their new "clout" after "their man" was voted into the White House. And while they gloated when Clinton won, they were never aware of the increasingly seething hatred for gays by men and women who feel threatened by us. There was talk of rebellion within military ranks when Clinton talked of lifting the ban on homosexuals. Congress threatened to sabotage Clinton's presidency, causing him to compromise. Gay bashing is increasing dramatically. In the macho gun magazines they predict a collapse in government and urge their followers to stock up for the coming chaos. The love affair with Clinton now over, the savior of the gay cause will be the judicial system, according to our gay "leaders." Colorado's supreme court hints that it might strike down the state's ban on gay rights laws. There is talk that the "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" (and don't fuck) compromise will be thrown out by the federal courts. Is that where we are today? Are we smugly waiting for Justice Ginsberg to intimidate Scalia and Renquist into becoming angels of mercy for gays? I think not. I've changed. I don't believe in police protection, nor do I believe in this country's justice system. When murderers are freed because of lack of prison space, when kids who sell a couple of grams of cocaine get federally mandated 10-year sentences with no chance of parole, when an innocent preschool owner gets 12 life sentences for child molestation without a shred of hard evidence, then it's time to bow out. I was pro-gun control until my bank had to install bullet-proof panels and three innocent kids were shot "in error" *(fuckin kids in da way, man)* by drive-by gang-bangers around the corner. Gun control is now futile in my estimation. The push for gay rights and lifting the ban on gays in the military is an exercise in futility.

We are about to enter the dark age of intolerance and stupidity, not the "Age of Aquarius." There will be more bashings, murders and repealed gay rights legislations. Anti-gay religious right groups will proliferate like lemmings. We will become the pieces of shit of choice. Our "protectors" will have their hands full with overcrowded prisons, mass layoffs of law enforcement personnel, the coming abortion war, the new teenage fad of senseless killing, and the imminent destruction of our cities. As one L.A. cop said to a friend: "A white school crossing guard with seven kids gets popped by two black punks. They show her body off from inside the trunk of her car to a crowd of emotionally dead students who thought it was cool. And you gays want special protection? Either learn karate or buy a fuckin' gun, sweetheart." All of us are now potential victims of heinous attacks: straight, gay, white, people of color—everyone. And although I feel that perhaps I am in more danger than most (I'm frail, older, gay and dark-skinned), I'm beginning to see the point of the cop's remark. Is this a time of whistle-blowing civil disobedience, passive resistance, writing our congressmen? Or is it a time to lay low and blend in with the other victims? As general victims, is it time to do something wholly unexpected, like fighting back? I felt awkward buying my new Taurus 9 millimeter semi-automatic pistol. I felt like a traitor to the cause of gun control and wondered if I would be capable of shooting someone. But after becoming proficient with this powerful weapon, I began to feel a little safer. It occurred to me that I could in fact kill someone who was intent upon ending my life. This old man will not be a victim, will not depend upon local law enforcement for protection. I think the world is on the verge of finding out just how formidable people like us can be when backed against the wall. For the first time in my life, I feel dangerous. Anonymous in North Hollywood.

WHY HE LOVES HIM

In the heat of passion, it's so easy to say, "I love you." I confess I've said it many times during my youth. Since growing older and heavier, I thought I'd never say it again, much less with real meaning and not out of sexual passion in the heat of the moment. I love my mate for every reason I can think of. I'm happy to simply be near him as he works. When we are together, there seems to be happy conversation. Despite my own stupid blunders, he has never displayed any anger toward me. Instead, he shows a quiet forbearance with my foibles. There have been moments when I've thought, *If he treated me as I've thoughtlessly treated him, I'd have ended our relationship long ago.* I love him for his generous and unsophisticated humor. He amuses me as I watch the deliberate but unconscious mannerisms he displays as he goes about his business with near boyish enthusiasm, not watching me watching him. What a delight for me to behold! How lucky I am! I love to watch him in slumber. Curled like a cat, he's wraps himself in the comforter and sleeps with silence even as he puts his arm around me when I crawl in. At dawn I feel his urgent hardness next to me, and we consummate our passion. I love him because he's not a fantasy. Yet we can practice our own fantasies together, secure that our love for each other is real. My time with him is never forgotten, and I hold dear our shared experiences. I cherish his love expressed in small ways that only I can understand. He loves me . . . as I love him. SHOE/ San Fernando Valley

GAYS IN THE MILITARY

Many of us thought that the establishment of gays in the military would be no great problem. We thought it would merely take a stroke of the pen and all would be well. We found out that it is a bit more complicated than that. We also found out that many of the representatives of the nation don't mind if gays serve the country as long as we shut up about it. It looks as though this objective has failed. They'll let us serve, but only if we're nice and quiet about it. I'm sorry. If I'm good enough to spend years in the service, I'm good enough to do so as who I am. I don't plan on any marriage ceremony at the base chapel with crossed swords and the whole bit. I don't plan on demanding on-base housing for my spouse. I do expect that we should be able to serve without having to have one eye looking behind us all the time, however. The number of gay/lesbian veterans in this country must be in the many tens of thousands. Among that staggering number of ex-military there must be many, many medals and decorations. I think what I will do, if this whole enterprise fails to get overturned by the courts, is pack up my medals (the dangling ribbon and badge type, not the little rectangular ribbon), including my Combat Infantryman's Badge, and mail them back to the President of the Senate or the Speaker of the House of Representatives. I will include a note: "These decorations are returned to an ungrateful nation." I think I will time it for Flag Day, 1994. I figure if 100,000 gay veterans (and I'm sure there are more than that around yet) do the same, there will be several tons of colorful ribbons and metal along with a lot of terse notes showing up at Capitol Hill sometime next June. I like to think there is at least one Medal of Honor out there which was given to some gay or lesbian veteran that will end up prominently on the speaker's podium. That alone should embarrass the representatives of the nation, such as they are. It occurs to me that there is one chance in ten that the remains of the Unknown Soldier, who receives just honor representing those who have died, could possibly be one of us. I wonder if some boondoggle committee will try to investigate that? Perhaps I'll try to communicate this idea to other veterans around the country and see what they think. The Congress should be ashamed of itself. RICHARD POWER/Milwaukee

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A VIEW FROM ATHENS
By BYRON

The Greek National Tourist Board calls Greece "The Land Chosen by the Gods," and if you could see the superb old men from the suburbs and the surrounding villages piling out of the busses in front of my building, you would appreciate that the gods still live here. Thousands of them are walking the streets of the city every working day: stocky, compact, proud, with an amazing array of moustaches, fine heads of white or grey hair, bright black eyes and, in the summer, acres of hairy chests.

So how is life in this paradise, you may ask as you scurry to your nearest travel agent. Well, not as much fun as it once was. Getting to know any of those old gods is nowhere near as easy as it used to be. The city has been hit by triple A: AIDS, Albanians and *akrivia* (expensiveness).

The city doesn't suffer from an AIDS epidemic--far from it. Greece has one of the lowest incidences of AIDS in Europe, possibly in the world, and the cases are largely amongst the young and drug users. However, fear of AIDS has so gripped older men that grandfathers with whom I 've had the most intimate contacts in the past are now afraid even to shake my hand for fear they might infect their grandchildren when they kiss them good night. At the beginning of each tourist season, Greek television reminds the populace that casual contacts with tourists could lead to AIDS.

What the city does have is an epidemic of Albanians. Thousands of unwanted, illegally entered young men have swept in from Greece's impoverished northern neighbor and are swarming through the country, causing mayhem. The Albanian government learned a trick from Fidel Castro: they opened all their prisons and psychiatric institutions and emptied the inmates into Greece. In Athens, these jobless, penniless, unscrupulous young men hang around the main squares, parks and public toilets and very quickly learn how to offer themselves to unsuspecting men, often with tragic results. As news of this is known, older men, very wisely, stay away from such places and, consequently, one's chances of meeting them have greatly diminished.

As for *akrivia*, this has had two effects. The first one is that the old men find it very difficult to manage on their meager pensions, especially if they live in rented homes, and so they are leaving Athens to go and spend the remaining years of their lives in the villages or on the islands from which they originally came to Athens. In any case, if they stay in Athens, they don't have the money to sit all day in the coffee houses and *tavernas* as they did in the past, when it was so delightful to meet them and get to know them. The second effect of the rising cost of living has been that an increasing number of women, in order to supplement their household incomes, are offering themselves on the streets. The old men, with their phobia about AIDS and their fear of encountering Albanians, are resorting to these easily available women. They still believe the somewhat unlikely story that the prostitutes have regular medical checks and must therefore be "safe."

So, by all means come to Athens for the "sight-seeing," but don't expect to touch the gods.

BYRON is a tall Englishman (45) living in Athens. He worships short, sturdy, Mediterranean-type gods over 60. He would like to exchange letters, photos, visits, etc.

--CHIRON--

Created for the readers of CHIRON RISING Magazine, a limited number of reproductions are now available. The original pencil drawing has been reproduced as a half-tone, and is limited to 100 signed and numbered prints.

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LATE BREAKING NEWS

Please refer to our comments in CR#57 (p. 20) concerning an upcoming article about us in the *Advocate Classified* Magazine. The piece appeared in their Issue #25 (9/7/93) and was captioned "JURASSIC PARTS." How's that for clever captioning? About as funny as colon cancer. Except for the misleading and poorly edited, "... features erotic artwork (such as Archie Bunker getting head in a urinal)..." and a few unkind comments about flabbiness, wrinkles and weathered genitals, the article was pretty well written, given the mind-set of those with creative control. The writer, Chicklet, should be praised, but the editor who came up with "Jurassic Parts" should be condemned. To complain, write: The Editors, *Advocate Classified* Magazine, 6922 Hollywood Blvd., Tenth Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

MARRIED MANLOVERS

By HOLLING THOMAS

If labels ever had meaning or value, their day has passed. *Gay, trade, bisexual*--what do they mean? The world of man love, once so neatly divided by definitions, has become a blend of styles, and men who love men might display one life-style or many. Likewise, there's no single pattern for married manlovers. Why are men married to women when they know their sexual preference is--or at least includes--other men? Some marry, honestly thinking they've switched styles of sexual expression, while others do it for careers or companionship or because families want them to. Some do it to raise their own families. In all the marriages I know of, love was a major reason, regardless of other factors.

Just as there is no pattern, however, there *does* seem to be a consistency in the pressures they feel. And if you think marriage was a mistake for them (or you), just consider the consequences of the so-called solutions being urged on many, if not most, married manlovers.

Divorce. Or "Come out and join us and divorce that bitch." Just think about who's giving that advice and whether or not it is self-serving. It certainly casts terrible aspersions on one's original decision to get married! At any rate, divorce is rarely the answer--it simply trades one set of guilty feelings for another much more damaging set. It almost always adds the burdening costs of alimony and often child support to one's problems. Even so-called amicable divorces have these and other damaging results. As if that were not enough, the friends who urge this so that one can join the "movement" are wrong. Coming out is certainly not for everyone. For the married manlover, it is virtually guaranteed to further hurt him and his family, and it will achieve nothing but to create more targets for the hate-mongers.

There are plenty of reasons for divorcing if one has his heart set on it. To divorce, one need not be gay, bisexual, trade, or any of the other meaningless classifications. People do it every day. A man thinks carefully before getting married; the decision to divorce deserves the same deliberation. It is rarely the answer. There is a lot of help available to keep marriages together if that is what one chooses to do. Two books relate to the subject. One is about straight women who knowingly and happily chose to marry men who prefer sexual outlets with men. The other is called *Divorce Busting* (Michele Weiner-Davis, Summit Books). There are times when divorce is probably inevitable and even the only practical solution, but one shouldn't allow his friends to make the decision for him.

Be honest. Otherwise rational men say married manlovers must be completely honest, that they can't live with themselves (anymore) if they aren't. But how honest and at what cost? Is it honest to tell of love for another man but not to tell the specifics of the sex acts one engages in? What law requires one to be honest to the point of destroying another person? Is it honest enough for a man to tell his wife that he has private feelings and times that he just doesn't discuss? To put it another way, Marilyn Vos Savant said in *Parade* Magazine: "In every relationship, there are times when a little honesty is better than a lot."

Overkill on honesty is used sometimes by those who want to get rid of part of their own guilt, but it doesn't work that way. One can tell others what's bothering him and force their participation to whatever degree they will accept, but that will never reduce his own guilty feelings. It only creates two guilty people instead of one ("What's wrong with me that caused him to go to ____?").

Sneak around. "I can't stand to sneak around," married men say, "but I have to." Not true. Even people in the best of monogamous relationships require some privacy. Married men should establish that and practice it. The best example is from diplomacy, itself riddled with skillful evasions, if not lies. When countries agree on access--such as that to East Berlin during the Cold War--they send people to exercise that access, even if there is no practical reason. A Jeep crosses a bridge, drives a few blocks, crosses back over the bridge and thereby exercises the right. One should establish the need for privacy, and go to the hardware store, walk the mall, sit in a park. He should make sure that freedom is there when he needs it. Are there still such things as stag poker nights and golf widows? Married men need to do such things by themselves and should not be called to account for every moment.

Lie about being married. "Men drop me when they find out I'm married." Some do. Some single men will unknowingly establish a relationship with a married man, only to drop him promptly when they find he's married. Others will delude themselves into thinking the married man will leave his wife some day, especially if he complains about her. They hear what they *want* to hear. Still others actively seek and prefer married men. When one meets a single man and there is mutual interest, he should make it clear that he's happily married and intent upon staying that way. He should roll the dice and see if he's a winner.

There are pluses that more than offset the scheduling and emotion problems encountered in loving a married man. Those who are drawn to married men often want a continuing relationship but don't want to live with anyone. There are a variety of reasons why single men choose married men for partners--some valid, some delusional.

Make the best of it. If one has sexual outlets with other men, he should use the techniques he learned and the excitement generated to add to his married life. If he really can't make contact with men because of his marriage, he should rent a post office box and look for penpals in the pages of CR. Many of the men who advertise don't object at all to contacts with married men, and it's surprising how much that diversity can add to the satisfaction of a married man's needs while he continues his low-key attempts to contact other men.

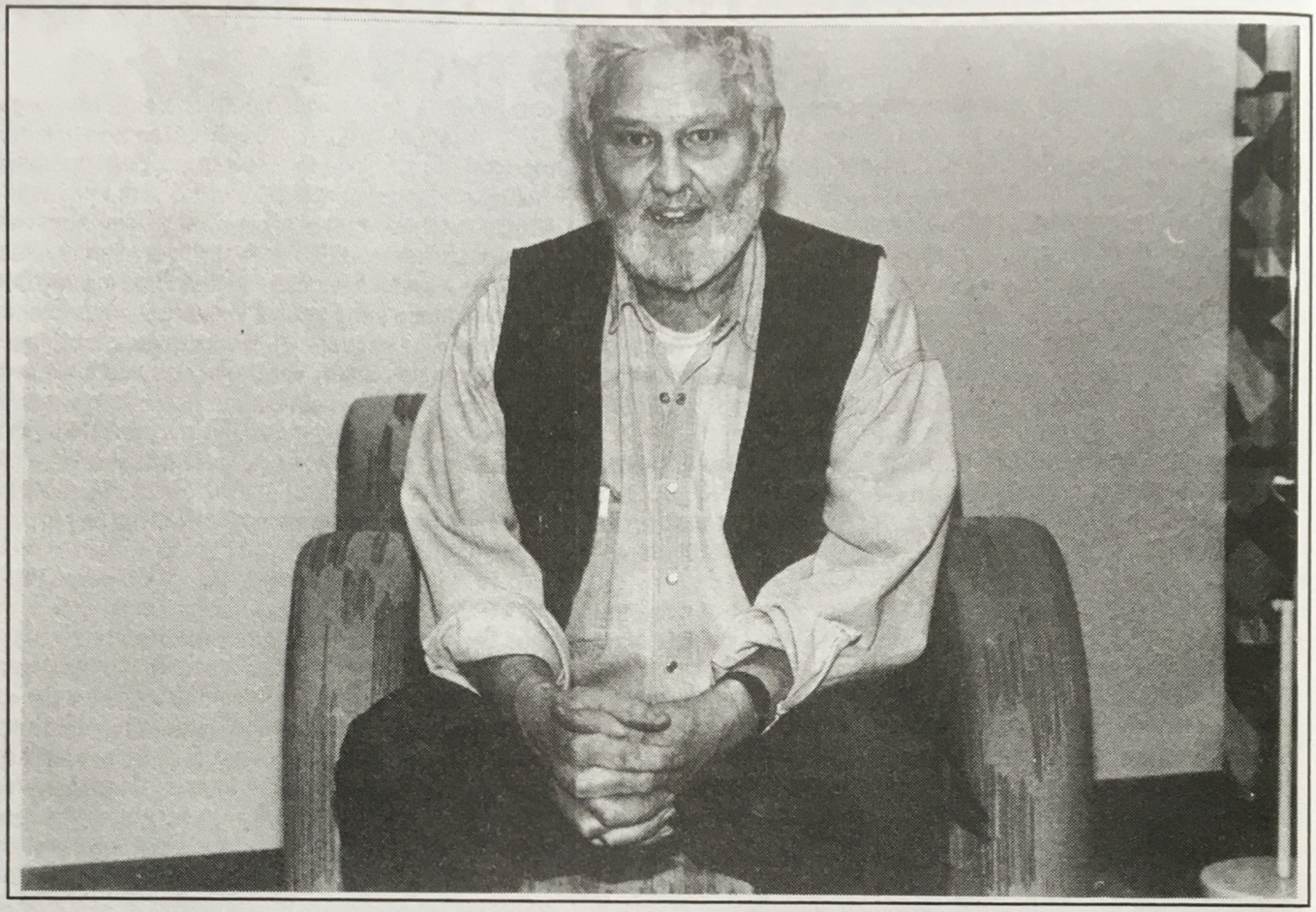
Good relationships of any kind require persistence, practice at respecting each other's needs (including the need for privacy), and a willingness to share the times and events they both enjoy. Regard for the other person's feelings, voice tone and body language helps too.

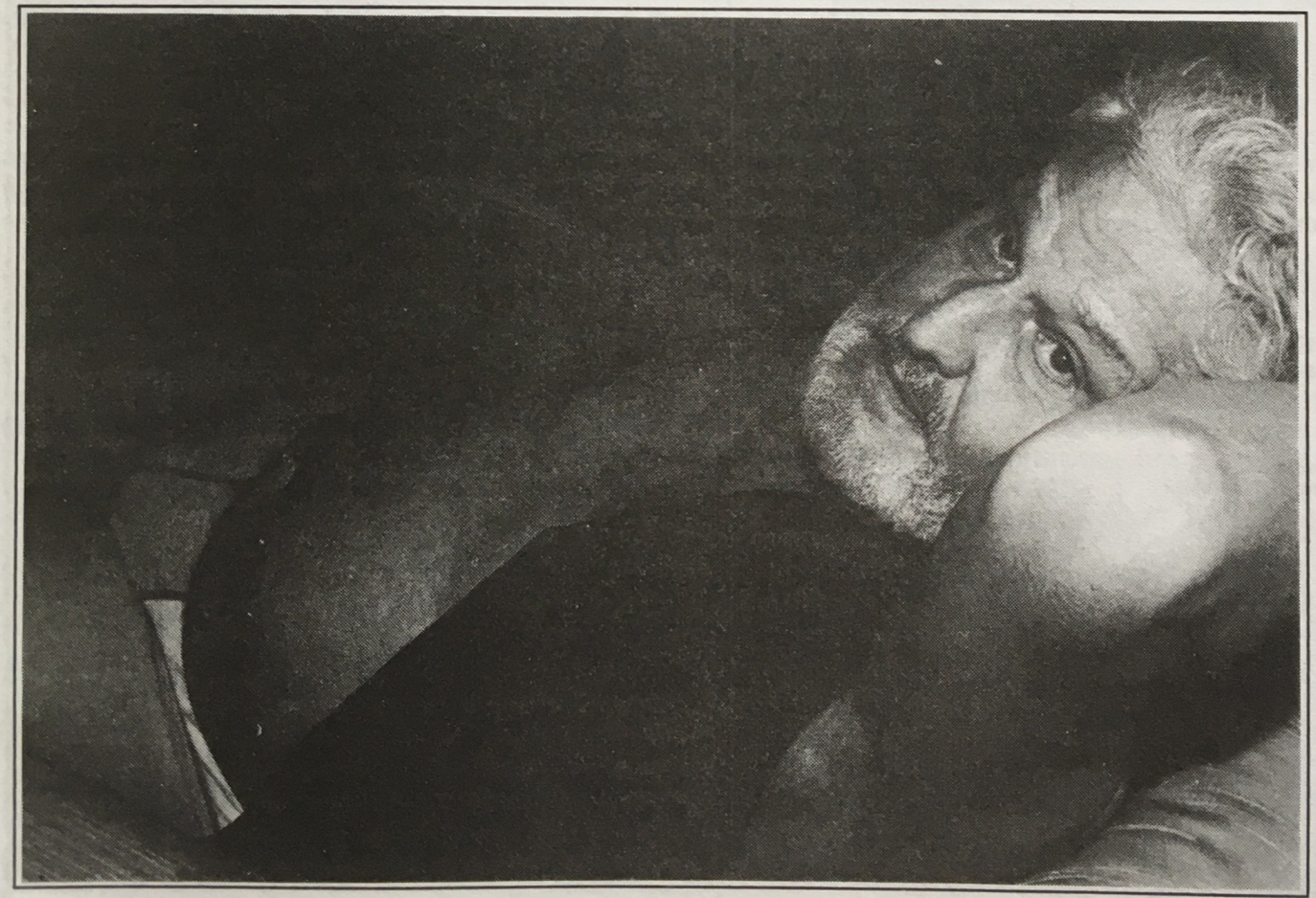
And finally,

Don't get married. Any unmarried man should think very carefully before marrying; those who enjoy intimacy with men should think very, very carefully first.

HOLLING THOMAS is a married man in his 60s who resides in the Northwest and is currently involved with his third career. He's worked in most media and enjoys reading and writing. Hates arithmetic. He's one hell of a good looking man and would love to correspond with guys who enjoy being around married men.

NISSE





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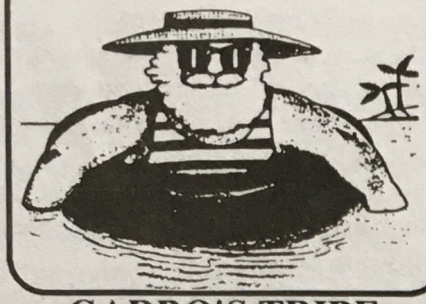

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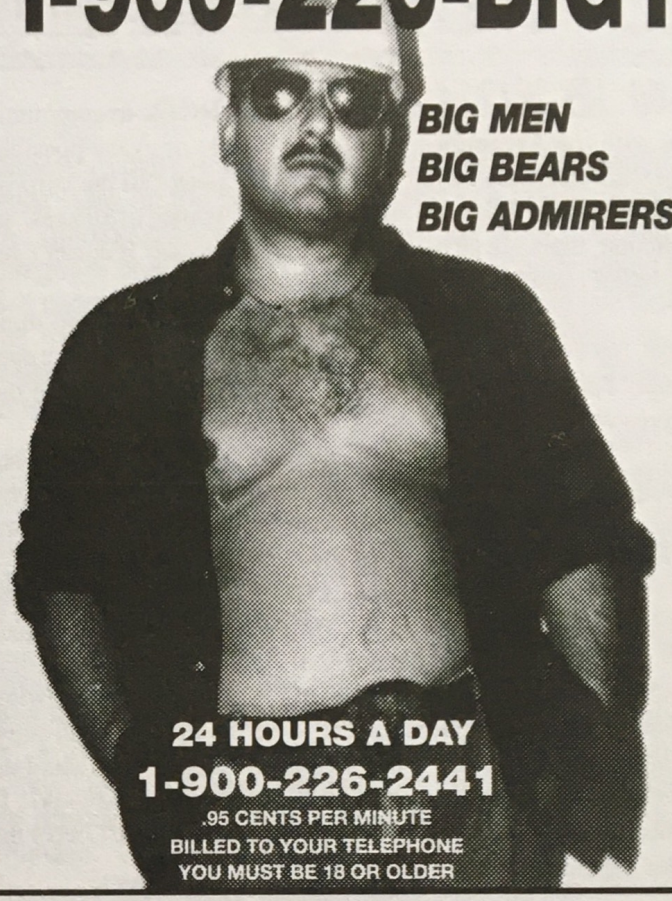

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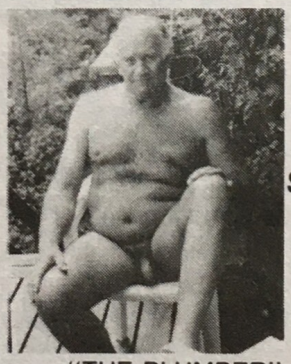

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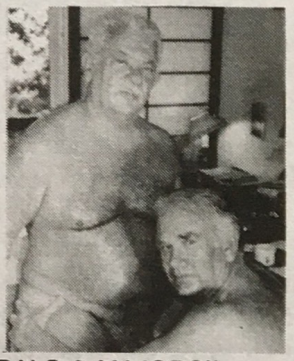

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GUIDE TO SILVER FOX HUNTING:

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

By TOM SILVERCHASE

It's worth learning Spanish just to be able to communicate with the Argentines. Gorgeous people of every possible taste walk en masse on the streets of what many call the Paris of South America. There are stylish men and women of all ages. In particular, there are silver foxes by the thousands. It doesn't get any better outside the United States.

Most Argentines have a slight latino flavor to their looks, but the predominant genes come from Western Europe, namely Spain, Italy, France, England and Germany. Most of the natives were killed when the country was settled.

Other than in hotels, most people don't speak English. It helps a lot if you speak Spanish or are with somebody who does. But then again, there's a saying: *"La lingua de amor esta en los ojos,"* "The language of love is in the eyes."

During the evening, walk Calle Lavalle, between Calle Florida and Avenida 9 de Julio. The former is a pedestrian mall that goes for about thirty blocks. It runs parallel to the latter, which is the city's main boulevard. All three are interesting streets, but the silver foxes seem to be the cruisiest and most abundant along Lavalle. They congregate around little stand-up bars and sandwich shops or simply walk the sidewalk. If someone makes eye contact, he's probably interested. Lots of the older men are.

Calle Florida is worth walking, as are other streets that it intersects. Wander around; there are lots of great stores. The best deals are on leather jackets and semi-precious stones like quartz and amethyst.

On Sundays only, make a point to go to the flea market in San Telmo. This place is crawling with silver foxes. It's also a good place to shop for antiques or interesting jewelry that is uniquely Argentine.

If you're in step with the locals, you'll take a nap and be ready for dinner at about 11 p.m. If you eat any earlier, the restaurants will be deserted. The bars get going at about 3 a.m. Such is the custom in most Latin countries.

It's a must to eat at La Estancia (The Ranch) on Calle Lavalle. You can't miss it. In the front windows are whole lambs and other animals stretched out on racks, cooking next to open fires. Inside, it looks like the sort of mess hall you might expect at a huge Argentine ranch. There are long rows of tables covered with white cloths. The closer a table is to the back near the kitchen, the more senior (or cuter) the waiter will be. The steaks are wonderful. If you're brave, order *asado*, a mixed grill that features several cuts of beef, as well as sweetbreads, tripe and various other innards. Waiters bring it to your table on a hibachi with live coals.

Another night, try one of the trendy restaurants in the area known as La Recoleta. Once seated, you could be in almost any major city in the world, with the chic people sipping cocktails and eating the likes of California or Italian cuisine. There's a strong French influence on the architecture in La Recoleta, which gets its name from Buenos Aires' largest cemetery, which it surrounds. It's not exactly a cruisy area, but the food is very good, and there are silver foxes to be seen.

Come 3 a.m., your best bet is Contramano, a downstairs bar with an adjacent dance floor and light show. It's really smoky, and because people "pinch" ashtrays, there are none. Smokers use the floor to discard ashes.

There are some older men to be found at Contramano, but the late night scene is really made up of a younger crowd. Tough it out; it is worth seeing.

Santa Fe is supposedly the gay street in Buenos Aires, though if you drive it during the day, you'd never guess. Most of the gay bars, including Contramano, are on or near Santa Fe, though they lay dark and inconspicuous during the day. Yet in the wee hours of the morning near the weekend, the sidewalks overflow for blocks with people between the ages of about 10 and 20, male and female, of uncertain sexuality, all out cruising.

There is a bath house called Finlander at Cerrito 364, near Avenida 9 de Julio. No eyewitness reports from a silver fox hunter are available, but it's supposedly quite active, and men with gray hair have been seen there. It's worth a shot if you're so inclined.

The gay community in Argentina has come a long way since the military dictatorship took a hike. There are gay services and activities as in any major city. For the most part, however, nobody is really "out." Rather, they wait until the middle of the night, go to bars, hang out sedately until the mob becomes crotch to crotch. Then the crowd mentality and hormones take over, and anything goes.

The city of eleven million looks like a conglomeration of European capitals. Actually, it's a lot like Washington, D.C. It's on about the same parallel south as Washington is north. It's inland considerably, yet its climate is still influenced by the ocean. It has hot summers and cold winters. It's flat, spread out, and has lots of parks, grand government buildings and monuments. Most notable of the monuments is a huge obelisk, nearly identical to the Washington monument, in the middle of its main boulevard, Avenida 9 de Julio, which is supposedly the widest boulevard in the world.

Hunting grounds: Calle Lavalle, between Calle Florida and Avenida 9 de Julio. San Telmo flea market (Sundays only).

Bar: Contramano, Rodrigues Pena 1082, just off Avenida Santa Fe.

Restaurants: La Estancia on Calle Lavalle and any restaurant in the La Recoleta area.

Sauna: Finlander, Cerrito 364. Phone: 35-11-18

TOM SILVERCHASE, 30, is a journalist living in Los Angeles with his senior mate. He welcomes comments and any additional information readers may have on places to find Silver Foxes. Write him as you would a model.

FICTION

THE BROKEN TOE

by ROY ELMO

Late in Roy Elmo's army career, he transferred from an Air Force radar unit to a fighter wing in the Austrian Army of Occupation. Three years in service, two of them in North Africa and Italy, left him a careful, obedient non-com, who never initiated sexual advances--even to men he suspected of deviance, and particularly those seeming to invite such advances. Roy's experience was that many rationalized that sex with a man was not the same as breaking faith with the wife at home. Some considered it no more than a form of masturbation. Others were more bisexual than they would ever admit. Actually, sex simply happened without talk or thought if an opportune moment arose. The most prevalent excuse: getting so drunk that no memory remained--a frequently faked aphasia.

A few, a woeful few, late night occasions happened to Sgt. Elmo, but always he had been seduced. Two fellow non-coms in the radar group were repeat affairs. When Roy was posted to Austria, only one of them got the same assignment and he, very shortly, was sent stateside: after a last night together they said a brusque good-bye, but kept in friendly touch for several years. Christmas cards were discontinued after the election of Ike in '52.

Before the '45 flight to Linz, the new fighter wing assembled in Cesenatico on the Adriatic, and Sgt. Elmo was assigned to the adjutant's office. Most of the officers were lately hotshot pilots, now out of their element doing unaccustomed office work. The adjutant was a Capt. Peters from Fort Worth, with Roy the only other Texan in the group except for a wild Lt. Kester from El Paso. Peters put Elmo in as chief clerk to his second in command, Lt. John Demers. As far as Roy could tell, Demers was a perfect specimen. After the guarded years, the special care to keep voice low, wrist unflapped, head straight, and eyes always above the belt line, the physical beauty of Demers provoked an instant case of hero worship. He'd not felt this attracted to an unknown since high school. It wasn't purely physical. Roy was an extremist--the object of his affection was usually brawn or brain. John had both.

Capt. Peters and Lt. Kester were both young, quite handsome, both intelligent, Kester full of charming insanity; and they cheerfully treated the Dallas based non-com as a full equal. Roy was aware that protocol was taking a back seat to Texas camaraderie but carefully maintained his outward military correctness. He'd seen too often the price of letting one's guard drop in army politics.

That did not apply in any way to John Demers. Roy had fallen in love--left with no sense of how to behave. Love? It was a passionate desiring, content if his eyes were on the beloved--not fixed in a stare but sliding by, gulping glances, as if a long look would put him in danger of drowning. To put hands on that body would feel like sacrilege--yet he wanted that most--to take the face in his hands, feel John's biceps, to rub the ridges of his muscular stomach--but not allowing himself to dream of letting that hand fall to the pubic level.

Demers' reaction? Roy's feelings were obvious to John because many people of both sexes succumbed to him. Aware of his effect, accepting it as his fate, John made himself unavailable to emotional advances. Friendliness, on the other hand, he responded to readily. It was a month into their cautious, military friendship before John accepted Roy's silent worship, and--insofar as it was possible--approved. This was a time when homosexuality was lumped under cowardice and dysfunction as causes for a Section 8 separation. Queer as Roy Elmo knew himself to be, no man could accuse him without admitting full participation. Drunk and disorderly were not serious charges.

When Roy hummed "Beautiful Dreamer," did John know he was inwardly singing Beautiful Demers? Roy felt it was possible. When he wryly called John "Leftenant Sinjin"--Saint John in Brit parlance--it drew an equally wry smile from the adored. Roy could not, would not, reach out to touch, equating him with an unchipped Apollo Belvedere--adorable but chilly as pedestaled marble.

He was not, of course, as cold as that. Worse, he was basically straight. If he frowned at an extravagant Elmo suggestion of compliment, that was the only reproof John made. Far from home and his solid family--a closed corporation of three--John accepted this silent love as what had been missing since his induction.

Settled down in Horching Air Base, outside of Linz, after a few months, the busy administrative staff found time for three-day leaves--trips to Vienna, to Salzburg, to Lake Gmunden's ski lodge. Peters and Kester made some excursions, leaving Demers and Elmo to mind the office. The next weekend it was their turn to be off, and Demers suggested they go together. They were always separated by night quarters--officers never bunking down with their non-coms.

Once, at the Lake Gmunden ski lodge, Roy took a bad fall on the practice slopes and twisted his knee. John insisted that he not be made to walk to the enlisted men's quarters but stay in his nearer room, holding three. That weekend John was the only occupant, and the doctor agreed that Roy should move as little as possible.

A waiter brought dinner to both of them, and

Demers buzzed around to help in a way that suggested he aided an injured father. The evening was strange with intimacies like John's helping Roy to the bathroom, then settling down to a careful bull-session of inconsequence.

"You ever have a ski accident?" Roy asked.

"Once in the high Sierras." John seemed to apologize for the old clumsiness. Broke my great toe."

"Not too serious," Roy said comfortingly.

"Gave me hell. Got infected after first aid. Came close to losing it, but a good doctor in Santa Monica managed to save it. Want to see?"

Suddenly, Roy was conscious of the fact that he was twenty-four and John only twenty-two--a moment of clear and present reality. The war had taken a chunk out of their lives. It suggested that they were boys still, playing at maturity; that his Apollo wanted to exhibit a sporting wound.

"Sure. Now I *have* to see it."

There was a small crook in the great right toe, with a tiny lump of cartilage sticking up. John offered it close to view and was surprised when Roy put his finger on it.

"Surprised they let you fly," he teased.

They laughed, but Roy knew John's spell was broken. Apollo with a broken toe? A saving imperfection. Their friendship remained for several years, but Roy was never again that hung up on perfection. Nor was he that hung up on one man. For a healthy gay mind, he thought, one lover at least must be kept in reserve when the need arises.

Before leaving Horching for home and honorable discharge, Roy got drunk and disorderly. He found himself at midnight charging down the flight line in a jeep with Hot Shot Billy Kester. They found a parking spot behind a hangar where Roy, with infinite care and foreplay, gave Billy the blow job of his life. Billy said he was sorry they found satisfaction too late.

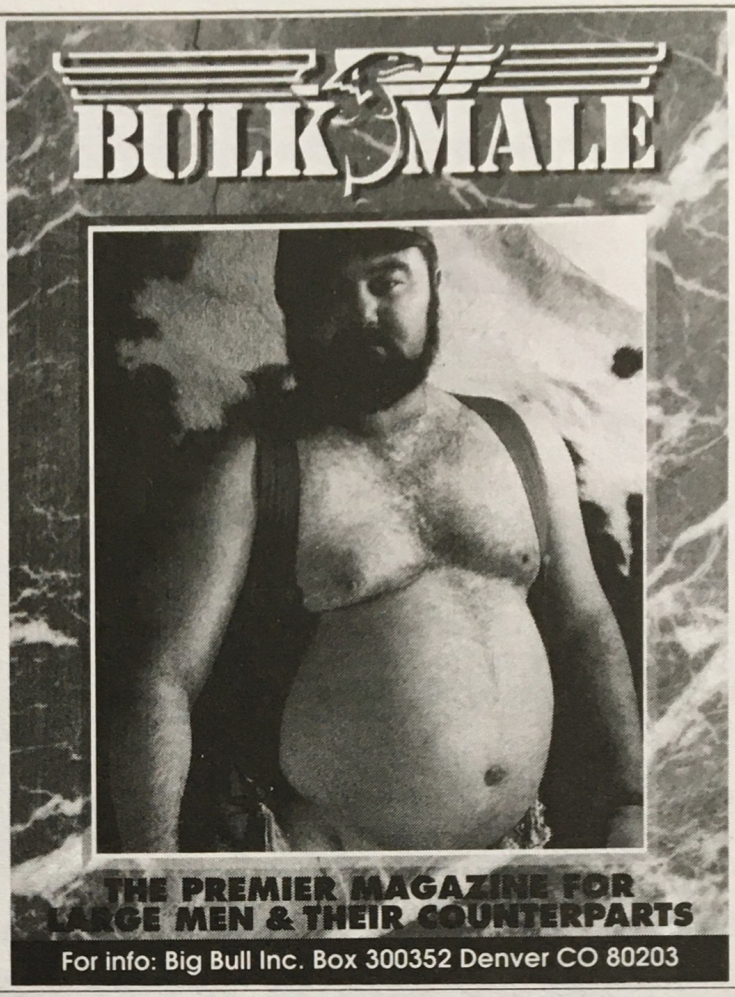
"You were always so fucking G.I."

Later, Billy drove him to the *gasthaus* where officers were quartered for an *addio* to John Demers. It was a surprise visit at two in the morning--drunken, tender, maternal--but chaste. The only thing Roy groped for was the broken toe, over which he wept grateful, maudlin tears.

Bright as he was, Demers never understood.

Next morning's farewell to arms began with emotional and physical satisfaction. Roy was posted with a jeep and driver to Munich. Demers slept late, but Kester was on hand to give him a hug, saying they'd get together again in Dallas. It didn't happen, but he appreciated the sentiment.

ROY ELMO writes primarily of the past. Born in 1921, he lives quietly closeted in a small Texas town near Dallas. We will feature some of ROY's riveting erotic works in the next issue of CR CLASSICS.



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DESPERATELY NEEDED: A NEW WORD FOR GERONTOPHIL

By Patrick O'Connor

The happiest coinage of the late twentieth century (William Safire, please note) is *chubby-chaser*: it's descriptive, alliterative, it rolls off the tongue, has immense charm, and it satisfies H.L. Mencken's demand that it be "ingenious and amusing." As a hint to future lexicographers, it probably appeared first in a play "The Ritz" by Terence McNally. It also gave rise to those other two lovelies: *chubb* (fat) and *chubette* (not so fat). How the master, Nabokov, could have missed one of the great comic opportunities of the twentieth century by not spelling nymphet, *n-y-m-p-h-e-t-t-e*, is a mystery. Chubby-chaser has given rise to two other not-so-lovelies: *whale* (fatter) and *blimp* (fattest), but those two edge over into the judgmental and we can't have that.

What is needed urgently by the readers of *CHIRON RISING* and "older men and their admirers" throughout the world is another word for *gerontophil*, a word that only recently made it's appearance in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, 2nd Edition, 1989, and which after much research I find is in no other standard dictionary. The *OED* defines *gerontophil:* "Loving or favoring old people esp. old men, desiring sexual relations with old people."* (Note: *gerontophil* has no final *e;* I've been spelling it wrong for thirty years.) When I ask young men who show signs of *gerontophilia* (love for old persons), "Are you a *gerontophil*?" they look at me as though I were speaking Greek, which of course I am. By the way, *gerontophilia* is in my computer spellcheck.

Desperately eager as I am to have a coinage of mine in the dictionary, even a dictionary of slang (real immortality), I can't seem to come up with the right word. Logically, *Gerry* is the right word but it doesn't seem to work. *"Are you a gerry?" "Is your friend a gerry?" "Gerry-chaser?" "Gerro-chaser?"* I think not. Notice there is no gender involved, which is good, and no age, because surprise, surprise, there are old gerontophils. One place where it works is in combination with the word *bar*: The Gerrybar in New York is "G H," the Gerribar in Chicago is "Gentry," and the Jerribar in L.A. is "Mr. Mike's." I'm trying out a number of spelling variations; it's my word and I'll spell it how I choose. Calling them Gerribars is better than their usual names: "The Elephant's Graveyard" and "The Wrinkle Room." It's mostly in London that "The City of Quebec," the motherhouse of all gerribars, is called "The Elephant's Graveyard."

My friend John Wykert, the genius, has come up with *gerrodote*: someone who dotes on the old (I know I'm not supposed to use a word to define a word but what the hell); *gerrodate*: a date with an old person; *gerrobar*: a bar for older people and their admirers; and *gerrosex*: sex with an old person. So a sentence might read: "The gerodote had a gerodate and went to the gerrobar, after which they went to a motel where they had safe gerrosex."

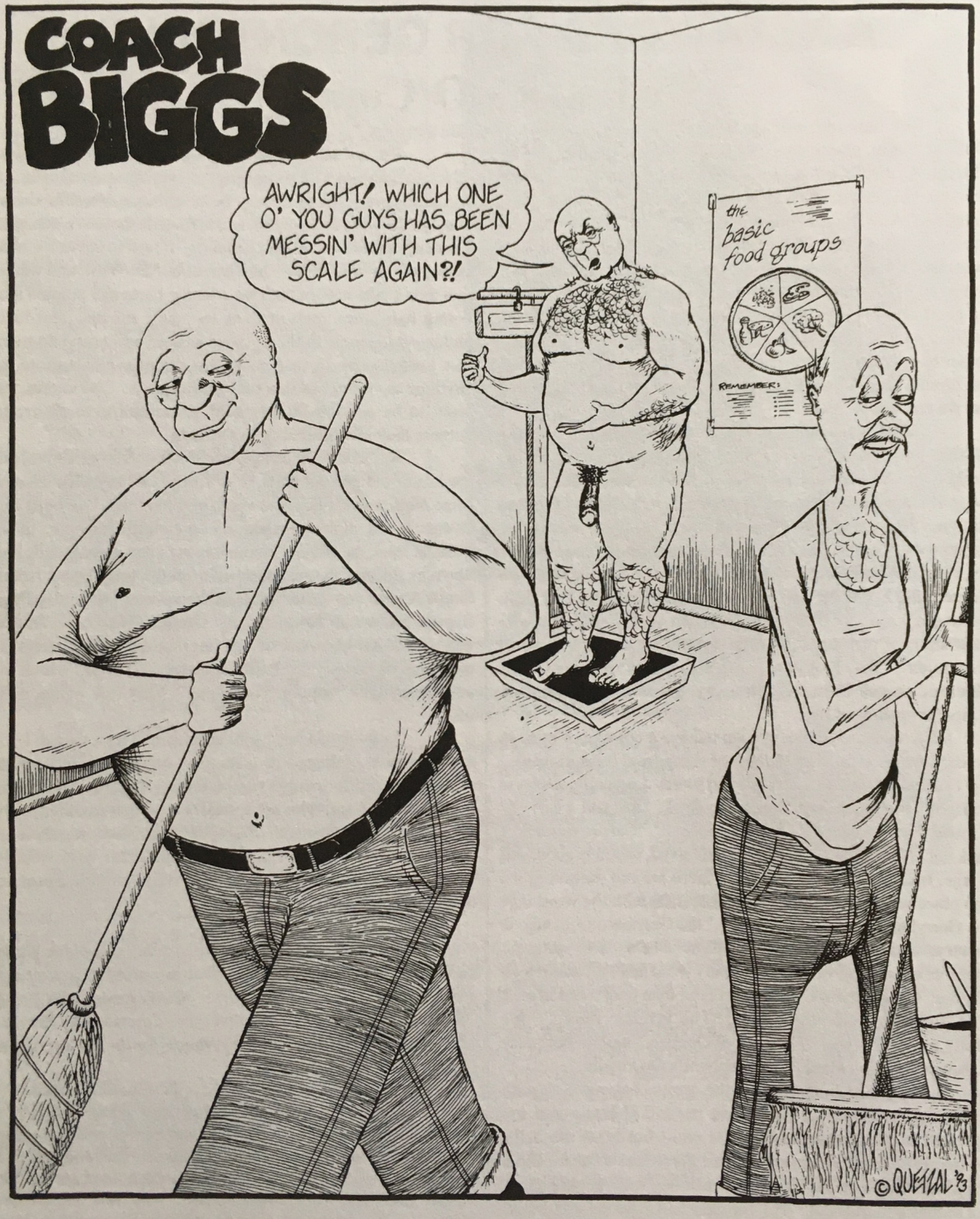
I'm not satisfied with any of the above. I plead with all of you to come up with something; we can't go around calling our admirers *gerontophils*. It may be an accurate scientific description, but the word lacks charm and humor. It should be genderless. There are heterosexual gerontophils. I used to eat at a Chinese restaurant on West Fifty-Third Street in New York and watched (but didn't take note of until the friendly bartender pointed it out) young handsome men in their twenties, thirties, and forties picking up women in their sixties and seventies and no money was exchanged. In fact, what this country needs more than anything are more heterosexual gerontophils. God knows, there seem to be enough homosexual gerontophils to go around, witness the C.R. Gathering in Orlando.

And it should be ageless. As pointed out above, there are lots of old gerontophils, (I'm sort of one myself). Here are some other interesting notes about gerontophilia I've been eager to share based on my scandalously unscientific research. In New York, at least, the ethnic demographics of gay gerontophils break down as follows, largest number from the top: Arabs, Israelis, South Americans including Caribbeans and especially Puerto Ricans, American Jews, Asians, Greeks (Why not? They invented it.), African-Americans, international soccer stars, and members of the gay softball league (mostly Irish) which give new meaning to "support your team." Very few wasps, by the way.

To think of a new word is not a hard task, though I don't seem to have managed it: a snappy, funny, non-judgmental, charming word for people (male, female, heterosexual, homosexual, old, young) who are sexually attracted to older people. Analog, the glorious: *CHUBBY-CHASER* is admittedly a hard act to follow. If you think of a wonderful new word for gerontophil, your coinage and your name could appear in a dictionary. Immortality! Get Busy!

** I couldn't finish this mock-scholarly piece without one footnote, so I quote from the final gerontophil citation in the 1989, Oxford English Dictionary: "The Listener," 25 Nov 65. "Robin, one of those gerontophil types described by Proust as being so fortunately provided by Nature for the exclusive gratification of old men."*

Patrick O'Connor is a ski instructor at Killington, VT. He is a World War II vet (41st Inf. Div.) and former editor-in-chief of a number of New York publishing houses. Currently he is the cultural commissar of WBAI-FM, N.Y. where he does the "Only honest ski report from New England." His new book, DON'T LOOK BACK - A Memoir, will be published this month by Moyer Bell. ISBN #1-55921-098-2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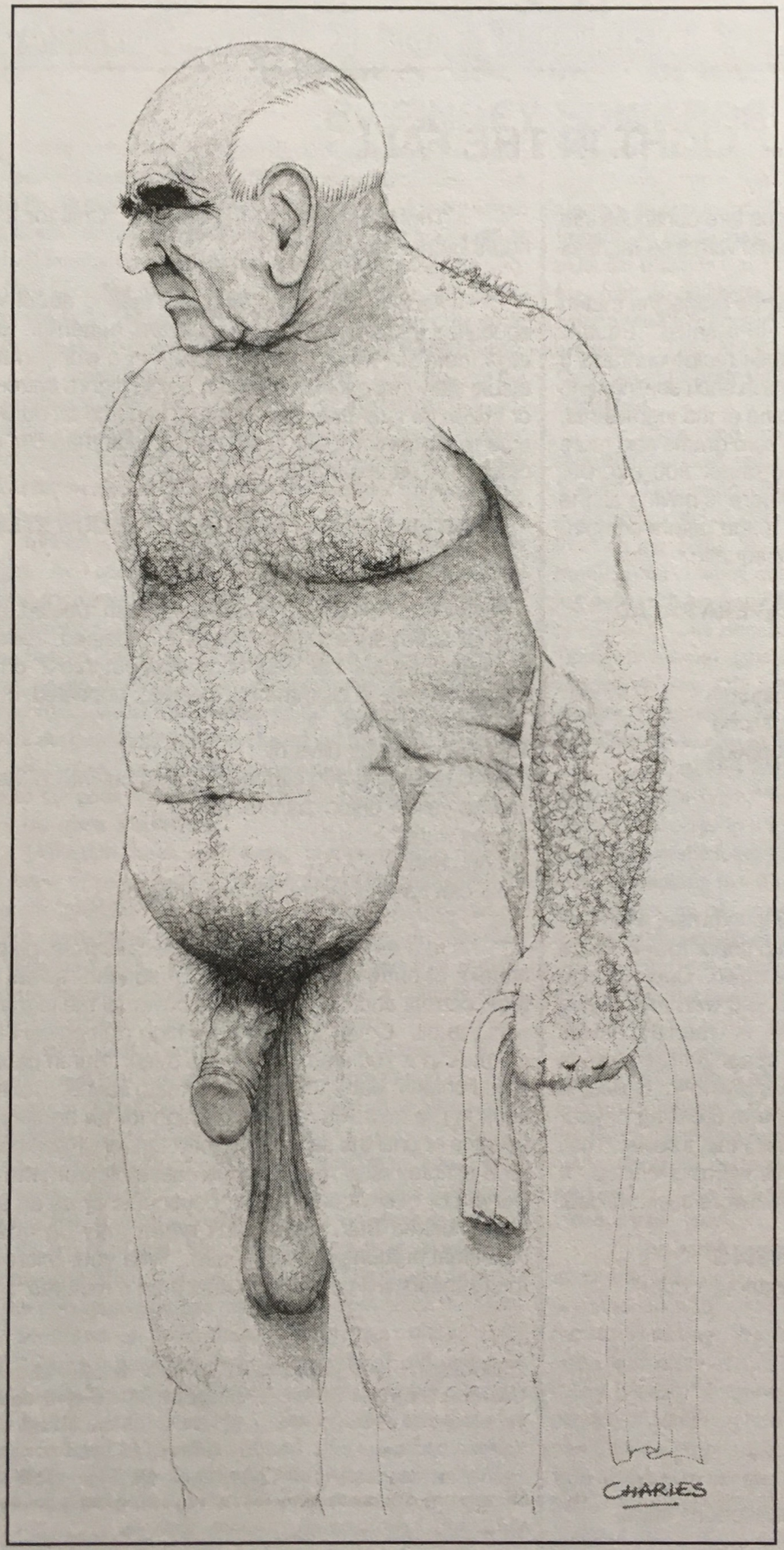


CHARLES OF FRANCE

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HANGING LOW?"

THE CULINARY DELIGHTS OF KOOKABURRA

LIGHT IN THE FALL

The search for lighter nutritious fare continues into the fall and winter as we look for meals with less fat, less sodium and ease of preparation.

Recently *The Vegetarian Times* Magazine touted another use for spaghetti squash: in a salad. Equally savory as a warm or chilled salad, their recipe contains 8 grams of fat (about 30% of the calories in each serving) and 580 mg. of sodium. By changing some of the ingredients, I've brought the fat content down to zero grams and more than halved the sodium content to under 300 mg. per serving. The secret to preparation here is having all the ingredients sliced and the dressing made before combining with the spaghetti-like strands of squash.

SPAGHETTI SQUASH PRIMAVERA SALAD
(serves 4)

1 medium (2 - 2-1/2 lbs.) spaghetti squash
1/2 cup fresh mushrooms, cleaned, sliced
1 cup broccoli florets, blanched, chopped
1/2 green bell pepper, julienned
1/2 red bell pepper, julienned
1 small red onion, cut into rings
8 plum tomatoes, diced

Cut spaghetti squash in half lengthwise. Remove the center pith and seeds. Cover with paper towel. Place on a microwave-safe platter, cut side down. Cook on high (full power) for 8 to 10 minutes in a 700 watt microwave oven. After 3 minutes of resting time, or when the halves are cool enough to handle, pull the spaghetti-like strands of squash from the shell with the tines of a fork. Collect in a large bowl. While still warm, toss with dressing of your choice or the NO CALORIE DRESSING that follows. Toss with remaining ingredients and serve warm or chilled. It tastes even better the next day when flavors have melded.

NO CALORIE DRESSING
(makes 8 to 16 servings, or about 1 cup)

1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup white vinegar
1/2 teaspoon sea salt (optional)
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard powder
1/8 teaspoon white pepper
1/16 teaspoon paprika
Any artificial sweetener to equal 4 teaspoons sugar
(I used 2 packets of Sweet 'N Low)

Thoroughly mix all ingredients. Chill for 2 to 24 hours before serving.

As long as we're using and talking about winter squashes (hard-shelled, such as acorn, butternut, turban, etc.), here's a way to combine them in a wonderful vegetable stew that could be used for a cold night's entree and/or frozen for later use. Again, we've kept the fat down, this time to 4 grams for the entire pot, or less than 5% of the calories of each serving.

WINTER SQUASH AND CRUCIFEROUS STEW
(serves 6)

1 medium (2 - 2-1/2 lbs.) butternut squash, peeled, cubed
1 small acorn squash (less than 1 lb.), peeled, cubed
2 sweet potatoes, cleaned, unpeeled, cut into 2" chunks
2 large carrots, ends trimmed, cleaned, unpeeled, cut into 1" chunks
1 tablespoon light olive oil
1 small head of green cabbage, cored, cut into 2" wedges
1 large yellow onion, halved, sliced
4 cups water
1/2 cup honey
8 oz. can tomato sauce (no salt added)

In a 4-quart microwave-safe casserole, place the chunks of butternut squash, acorn squash, sweet potatoes, carrots and olive oil. Stir to cover all the ingredients with the oil. Cover and bake on high (full power) for 10 minutes in a 700 watt microwave oven. Stir in cabbage, sliced onions, water, honey and tomato sauce. Cover and cook in the microwave oven on high for an additional 15 minutes or until the carrots are fork- tender. Keep covered for 6 minutes after removing the casserole from the oven. Serve hot over noodles, rice, couscous, or as an entree with a baked fruit. What isn't eaten may be frozen in individual portions for future use. With your microwave, future meals will be ready in less than 5 minutes.

KOOKABURRA has published 4 cook books and is an internationally renowned gourmet microwave chef who lives in Florida. He's 5'-10", 250#, single, and loves to receive mail, especially from tall, relationship-oriented huskies, 40-70. KOOKABURRA is active in community affairs, singing professionally and teaching microwave cooking.

AN ANGEL . . . A LESBIAN . . . AMAZING

k.d. lang, "the voice" of the 90s!

By FINNEY EDWARDS

I will never forget the thrill of discovering k.d. lang, the 32-year-old singer/songwriter/performer with the best voice to hit the music scene since . . . well, some have said Patsy Cline, but that doesn't do her justice. John and I were watching a rather uninspired television program broadcast live from Radio City Music Hall (The Songwriter's Hall of Fame, 1989), and just as we were ready to "channel surf," k.d. lang was introduced to honor the great, then-just-deceased pop legend, Roy Orbison.

k.d. immediately took control of the show, making the whole evening worthwhile for us as she buckled under in heartfelt passion, vocally agonizing over Orbison's death, singing his haunting hit, "Crying." A shiver went down my spine. John looked at me in shock. The near-asleep audience roared to its feet before the song was over.

Indeed, a new star had been born in front of our eyes that night. As I soon learned, k.d. was already well respected in the country music field. Lower-case initials and all, k.d. lang was established as the voice "reincarnate" (seriously, folks!) of the great Patsy Cline (she'd even recorded with Cline's original producer, Owen Bradley). We rushed out and picked up some of her records, none of which captured the electrifying presence of her live performance. Then we heard her third LP, "Absolute Torch and Twang," and that haunting sound returned, an angel singing to the gods somewhere out in the big beautiful wheat fields of the great Northwest.

"Absolute Torch and Twang" is appropriately titled, a steamy brew of passionate country sobbers and ballads with just enough "giddyap" to please k.d.'s more hard-core country fans. We immediately liked her ballsy approach. She had gusto. She had guts. k.d. looked and dressed like a man, challenging most people's perception of what a country artist should be, much less a woman country singer!

A subsequent performance on NBC's "Saturday Night Live" confirmed that k.d. was more than simply another of the new generation of tradition-dredging, tear-stained country singers. While her performances on Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show" singing "Tears Don't Care Who Cries Them" and "Three Cigarettes in an Ashtray" were enough to make anyone a country fan, the "Saturday Night Live" performance catapulted k.d. into the world of pop. She played a then-as-yet-unreleased concert favorite titled "Johnny Get Angry," bringing an emotion to the pop stage that has rarely been seen since the early days of Streisand or, even more closely, the vintage Judy Garland. k.d. whipped up a stunning brew of old and new country sounds, 50s through 80s pop, smoky piano bar sensitivity. She fell to the floor crying, "Johnny, show me that you really care for me," as her voice trailed off in an other-worldly falsetto. Back came the shudders! This kid was no fluke. k.d. can sing!

Last year, k.d. astounded many with the release of "Ingenue," a concept album of very personal, more fully realized "torch" type songs: emotional, heartfelt and stunning. k.d. also put an end to escalating "ugly rumors" by officially "coming out" in a gay magazine. She proved to the world that her personal lifestyle was irrelevant to her art--and that *was* indeed the point. Nonetheless it is good for us to have our homocultural heroes (and heroines). There are no more questions, no more innuendo. Take her as she is, the voices of Patsy Cline, Roy Orbison and Sarah Vaughn and (insert your favorite singer) combined.

For a good first "taste" of k.d., simply go to the video shop and rent the wonderful retrospective, "A Harvest of Seven Years." This audio-visual rollercoaster runs chronologically, beginning with k.d. debuting on Canadian TV in the early 80s, through her Hank Snow period (complete with a hideously funny green cowboy outfit with rhinestones!), and early rocking days with her band The Reclines (as in Patsy Cline--get it? re-Cline?). She documents her rockabilly square dance of "Turn Me Around" (she performs it live as the closing act for the Calgary Winter Olympics on international television!); her stunning (yes, that *is* the third time I've said the word) duet with Roy Orbison is also included.

k.d. tackles AIDS on a startling interpretation of Cole Porter's "So In Love," from the hit benefit record "Red Hot & Blue." k.d. sings to a lover we can only assume has recently passed on, as she loads her soiled undergarments and bed sheets into the washing machine and reflects in agony over the trials and tribulations of caring for a dying lover. This set is the best overall introduction to k.d., especially when you get past the first three or four hysterically funny, but ultimately uncharacteristic opening tracks from her early country-punk days (kind of a hyper rockabilly sound).

Depending on your taste, the next records to check out are 1992's Grammy-winning "Ingenue," and 1989's "Absolute Torch and Twang." If you prefer more "pure" country, pick up the Patsy Cline-inspired "Shadowland" from 1988, which includes the group performance with country's reigning "queens," Brenda Lee, Loretta Lynn and Kitty Wells (this is also on the video, by the way).

But most importantly, next time she comes on tour, make sure you see k.d. lang live in concert. John and I saw her at a wonderful little hall in Santa Rosa, California, and it was a beautiful evening. We were surprised, having travelled an hour and a half north of San Francisco, to be in the company of so many "family" members. We purposely wanted to see her outside of San Francisco to avoid a purely "gay" audience. Not that this is a problem, but we wanted to see how she would be with all types of people. The crowd in Santa Rosa was actually better than anticipated--it was amazingly balanced. Male couples and female couples were having a grand old time

alongside heterosexual couples and families with little kids dancing in the aisle, singing along to her songs.

There was a young woman with her grandmother (but John swears they were an intergenerational couple because he thinks he saw them holding hands). There were plenty of trios of friends, and I'm sure we were not the only intergenerational male couple. The beauty of k.d.'s music is its appeal to people of all ages and sexes. Very few artists have achieved this kind of continuity. But then, k.d. lang is like very few artists we've had before.

k.d. lang discography/videography, available reading:

Albums on Compact Disc and Cassette:
"*A Truly Western Experience*" (Bumstead Records, 1984, Canadian import only)
"*Angel With a Lariat*" (Sire Records, 1987)
"*Shadowland*" (Sire Record, 1988)
"*Absolute Torch & Twang*" (Sire Records, 1989)*
"*Ingenue*" (Sire Records, 1992)*

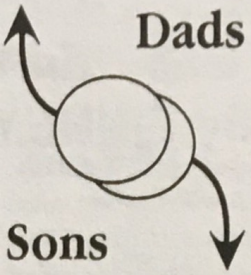
Video:
"*A Harvest Of Seven Years (Cropped and Chronicled)*" (Sire/Warner Home Video, 1991)* This nicely compiled tape features song introductions and personal reflections by k.d., many rare TV appearances commercially unavailable elsewhere and includes her amazing duet with Roy Orbison ("Crying"), a live performance of "Johnny Get Angry," the stunning solo live version of "Crying" from the 1989 Songwriter's Hall of Fame program (the one John and I first saw), as well as her exuberant performance during the Winter Olympics. Available on VHS or Laserdisc, this is a really fun introduction to k.d., a greatest hits up to this point. Coupled with the recent "Ingenue" CD, new listeners would be right up to date on where k.d. lang is in the 1990s.

Books:
k.d. lang Carrying the Torch by William Robertson, 1993, ECW Press, Canada. Available at A Different Light and Tower Records for under $10, paperback. The only full book I've seen on k.d. to date. Not an amazing literary achievement, but a respectable, if brief, introduction to her history culled from newspaper interviews, magazine reviews and TV appearances. It features an extensive bibliography of article sources for those who care to research further.

* Highly recommended, especially for "first time" listeners.

Besides writing music related articles for CR and several other national publications, FINNEY EDWARDS is a guitar-playing amateur songwriter and record collector. He recently was pleasantly surprised to learn that one of his favorite namesakes, actor Edward Woodward, was a professional singer (he sings his own parts in Breaker Morant). Finney now wonders if his other favorite actor-type namesakes, Albert Finney and Ed Asner, can make similarly beautiful music.

MENTOR



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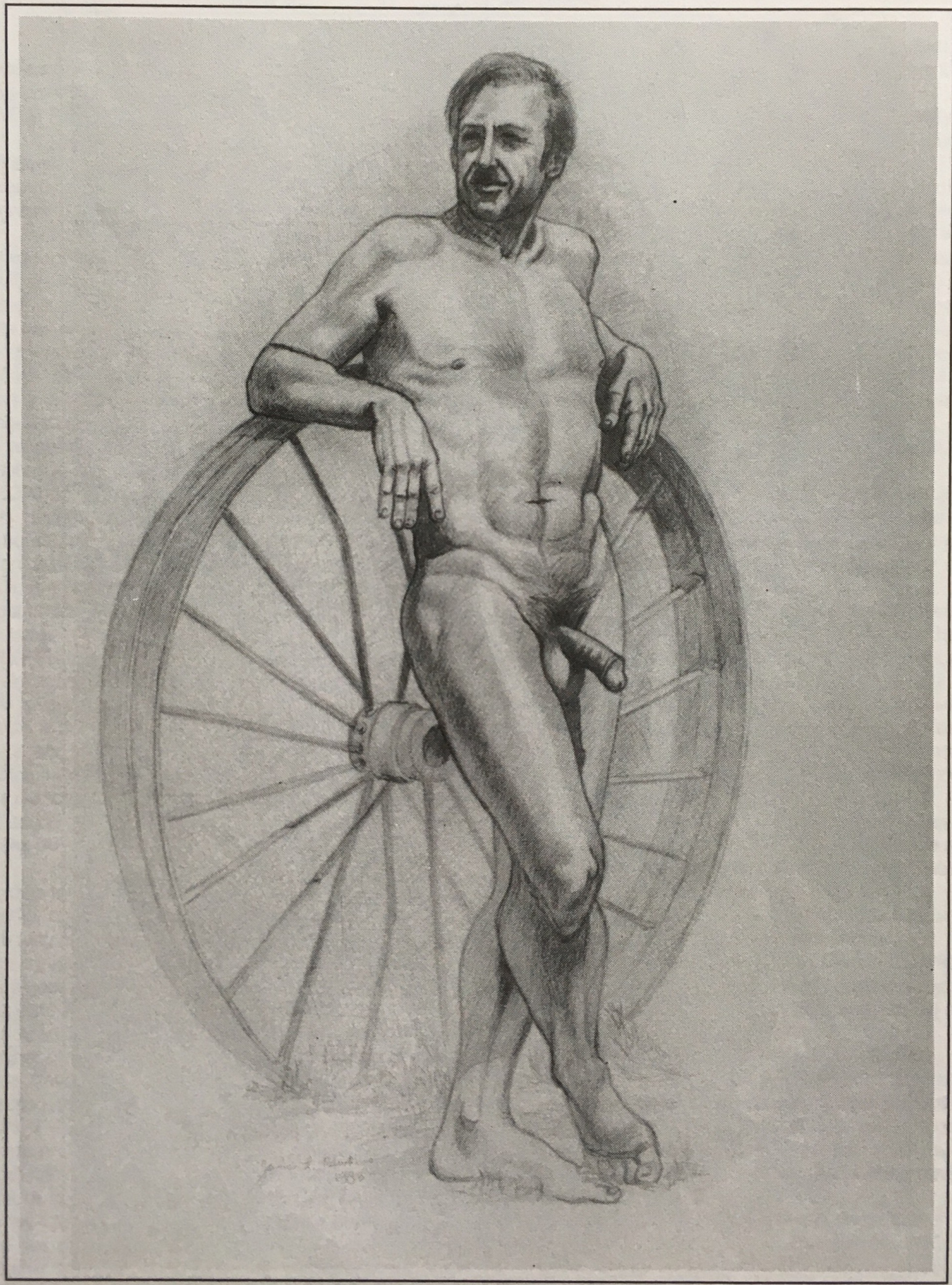
THE CR FALL '94 GATHERING AT SEA

It's a go! TRAVEL LAB in Los Angeles will handle the whole thing. They have agreed to give CR readers the first shot at the best cabins, but you have to act fast. Shortly after this announcement, Travel Lab will publicly offer it as the largest cruise of its kind in history. The new ship will depart Miami on Friday, October 7, 1994, bound for Nassau and Royal Isle, and return to Miami on the morning of Monday, October 10th. Our special discounted rates, exclusive of air fare and port tax, are from $329 to $414 (all outside cabins). Call (800) 747-7026 to obtain a brochure and details on deposits, discounted airfares, etc. Bruce and I have already signed on and look forward to seeing you on this historic cruise.

Please note that we are acting only as unofficial co-hosts. No funds or inquiries should be directed to us. This cruise is solely the responsibility of Travel Lab and Majesty Cruise Line.

THE ARTWORK OF JAMES L. HAWKINS



PAPA BEAR & ANNIE

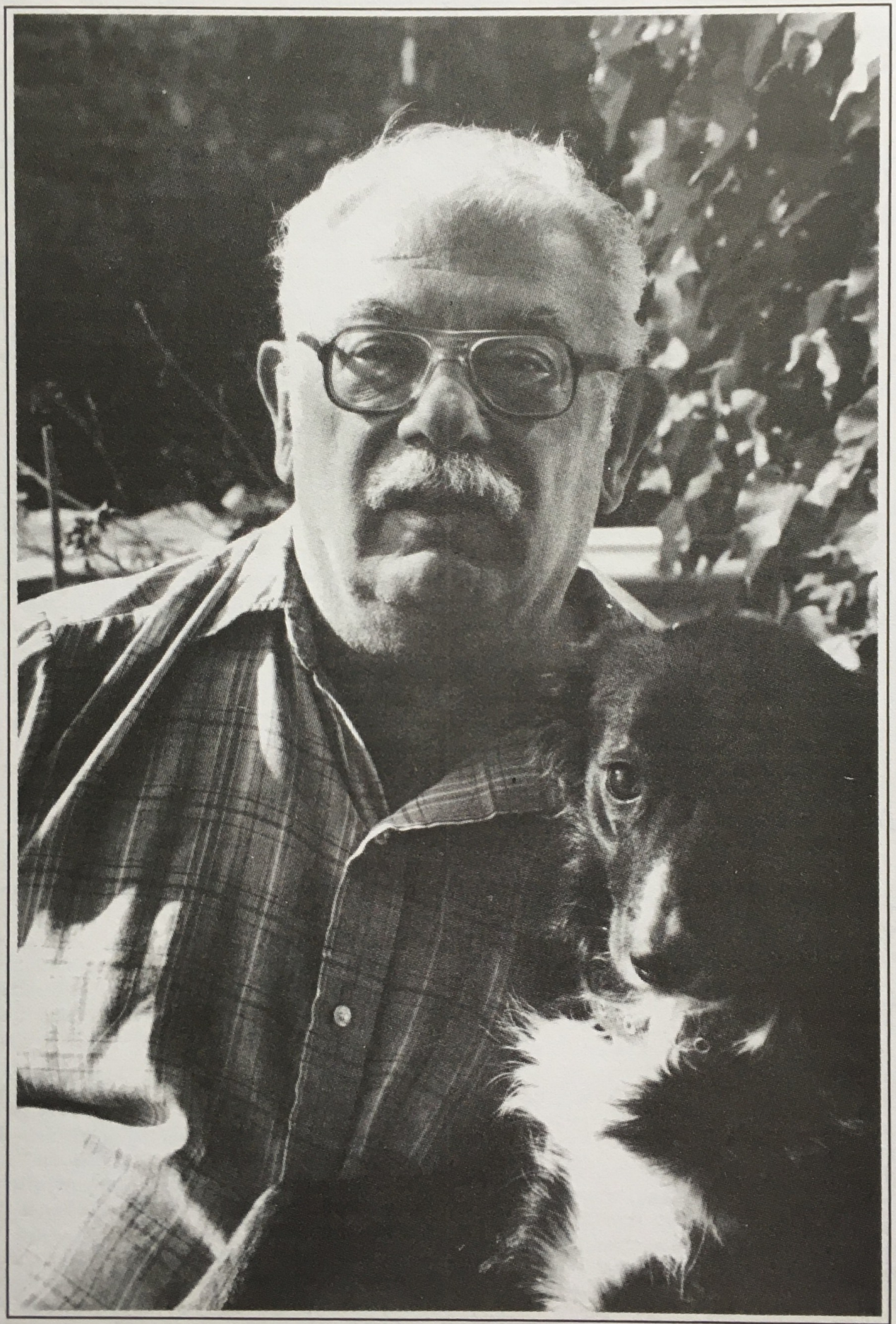


PHOTO BY JEFF

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **BUNK** recently moved from Los Angeles to Boise, Idaho, to solidify his three-way relationship with CR Model BIG PAW and CR photographer LITTLE PAW.

Page 2: **C.B.**, in his late 60s, is a retired Southern Gentleman now living in the Fresno area. He enjoys the company of good friends, old and new, and has varied interests.

Page 4: **COWBOY** is 51 and enjoys all animals, books, Indian lore, gardening, fishing, and living a very rural, discreet life-style in Southern Minnesota. He prefers friends at least 57+. **BRUCE** is a retired professor and long-time gay activist who has an open relationship with a lover of 13 years. He is 57, 6 ft., 230# and lives in the Arizona desert. **SMILING-THRU** is a professional, hearing gentleman approaching 60, 5'-10", 175#, who knows some sign language and wants to share charming, forested chalet in an all-season resort in Pennsylvania with slim, solvent, manly guy, 25+, hearing or otherwise. **RALPH OF FLORIDA** is 58, 6'-1", 182#, soft-spoken and very masculine. Interests: Florida things, most music, quiet evenings and dinner at home. He has a home on Florida's west coast he will share with a stocky, masculine, secure gentleman, 50-65. **W.R.** is 44 and interested in older men (55+) who are hairy, stout and who love cuddling. He lives in Germany, where he loves to cook and to entertain new acquaintances. **KEEFER** is 67 and lives in rural Northern California. He seeks a lasting monogamous relationship with a help mate who is interested in outdoors and spectator sports. **BLACK-JACK** is single and lives in Reno. He wants to find a life mate and he enjoys: blues, bridge, baseball, nudity, fishing, nature, walking, reading and travel. **GUITARMAN** is a masculine 54 yo, 5'-11" Floridian. He lives alone with his dog and enjoys music, exercise and many hobbies. He seeks 60+ who don't drink or smoke.

Page 5: **PENNSYLVANIA CUBBY** is a lonely cub looking for either Papa or Brother Bears. Must like to cuddle, kiss and hug. He likes nudism, fun, games and frolicking around. **MATHEW** is a 50-year-old Israeli artist who is interested in friendship and more with men aged 50-65, smooth and heavy-set, from the USA and Europe. He requests a photo with letter. **UNICORN** is a hot, well-endowed senior who lives in the sultry south with his partner of many years. He and his equally good-looking mate have a wonderfully open relationship and enjoy meeting new and exciting friends. **ROADRUNNER OF CT** is 43, 5'-10", 155# and enjoys outdoors, meeting people, sports and travel. He seeks older, muscular guys with facial hair for friends, penpals. He also seeks--and is--a man of humor and honesty. **THE CAPTAIN** is a New Jersey sailing enthusiast, world traveler, gourmet cook, art and recorded music collector and theater buff. He likes men his own age (47) or older with enthusiastic adventurous attitude.

Page 6: **ED HARVEY** is 56, single, 5'-11", 230#, and utterly delightful. He's a man's man and will not be single for long. One of these days, he's going to find that special 50+ chubby to pet and pamper.

Page 7: **SPARTACUS**, 35, is a native of Italy now living in Florida with his lover. He's turned on by men like BULLFINCH, and both he and his partner would like to meet nice people over 45 to entertain in their 5-bedroom house near the beach. **CRAIG**, 31, is a single, warm, affectionate Texan. He seeks a sincere relationship with a white, clean-shaven, burly man about 60+. He enjoys painting Texas landscapes and wildlife, music and quiet times at home. **BRAVO** is a masculine Brazilian currently living in Ft. Lauderdale. He enjoys sports, movies and country/western dance. He's also interested in meeting affectionate people over 55. **MANUEL**, 25, lives in Mexico where he is studying sociology. He loves music, reading, prehispanical culture, Indian art, movies, cooking, dogs and long talks. He seeks romantic, stocky gentlemen 55 and up.

Page 18: **NISSE**, 70, founded the Seniorproject in Stockholm. He also publishes the Swedish language (with English too, on occasion) publication, *Gay-Senioren*. He writes and speaks fluent English as well as many other languages.

Page 30: **PAPA BEAR**, an outstanding contributor and supporter for CR, lives with his life mate, BABY BEAR, near the Russian River north of San Francisco. These delightful men run the increasingly popular bed and breakfast resort, "The House of a Thousand Flowers," which is becoming the hideaway of choice for C-Risers. ANNIE is one of those special canines that can communicate profound things with her eyes. It's impossible not to love her.

Page 34: **MR. G.**, our cover model for Issue 56, lives in south/central California, where he enjoys the great outdoors and the company of men his age (late 40s) or older.

Page 35: **LASSE** is a good pal of NISSE and is very active in the Seniorproject in Stockholm.

Page 41: **MOUNTAIN MAN** lives in the wilds of Idaho and is as rugged as he looks. Although he's married, he's very flexible and can meet visitors and receive mail.

PHOTOS OF GATHERING ATTENDEES

(Note: profiles are brief because of space considerations and the sheer magnitude of compiling such information. We will give locations, spousal status, and any other pertinent information we can remember. If you like someone's looks, write them anyway. Most of the guys are pretty friendly and like to get mail.)

Page 57: **C.J. SCHWARTZ** is single, lives in San Diego, and is President of SAGE of California. **WOODY BALDWIN**, lives in Austin, Texas with life mate, SEAN, and

is founder of PRIME TIMERS. **JOHN J. McNEILL**, lives in New York with life mate, CHARLIE CHIARELLI, and is co-founder of Dignity. **TIGER & TEDDY BOB** are life partners living in Florida. **MIKE CEE** lives in Desert Hot Springs, CA with his life mate, Fred, and publishes *CENTAUR* Magazine.

Page 58: **TURBO & ARNIE** live in Northern California; **GENTLE BEN & CASEY** live in Florida; **WOO BEAR & J.T.** live in Chicago; **SEAN & WOODY** (same as Page 57); **KIM & GEORGIA EDDIE** live in Georgia; **CHET OF HAWAII** lives with his life mate in the Honolulu area.

Page 59: **THE COMMISSIONER** (Louisiana), **SHORTY** (Florida), **BILL OF SAN FRANCISCO, PEDER** (San Francisco); **B.B.** (Tennessee); **SMITTY &PETER BUILT** (live together in New York State), **THE COLONEL** (lives with TOMCAT in Mississippi), **LEN** (New York); **BOB & PHIL** (live together in San Diego); **RALPH & BOB** (live together in Michigan); **JOE DI FRANCO** (Philadelphia), **JOHN BEAR** (San Francisco).

Page 60: **KARL** (Florida); **LIONHEART** (Florida), **BUZZ** (lives in Florida with life mate LOU); **BABY BEAR & PAPA BEAR** (see previous); **SUN N FUN & RR MICHIGAN** (live together in Michigan); **JOHN McNEILL & CHARLIE CHIARELLI** (live together in New York); **EBB** (Tennessee).

Page 61: **TEDDY & THE BANKER** (San Francisco); **PAPA BEAR, BABY BEAR** (see previous), **BOSTON BILL** (Boston); **C.J. SCHWARTZ** (see previous); **VERN & MIKE** (live together in Florida); **JACOB** (Washington State); **P.H. COLLEY & BRUCE VAUGHAN** (live together in Southern California), **DENT** (Arkansas), **RR/ MICHIGAN** (see previous).

Page 62: **FLASH** (lives with SLAYER in Florida), **DRIVER** (lives with life partner in Las Vegas), **THE COMMISSIONER** (see previous); **CHUCKY BEAR** (lives with life mate in Pennsylvania); **GEORGIA EDDIE** (see previous); **MICHAEL OF GERMANY** (San Francisco and Munich); **FLORES** (Northern California), **GREYBEARD** (Georgia); **SLAYER & FLASH** (see previous), **AVIATOR** (Northern California), **AL & JOE** (live together in San Francisco), **TOMCAT** (lives with THE COLONEL in Mississippi), **BABY BEAR** (see previous).

Page 63: **THE COLONEL** (see previous); **VOX** (Arkansas); **KID** (Florida); **JACK** (lives with life mate in Florida); **AL** (see previous); **BRAZOS** (Houston), **SIR CHARLES** (Florida), **FLASH & SLAYER** (see previous).

Back Cover: **SMITTY OF NEW YORK & PETER BUILT** are very unusual guys who live together in upstate New York. They are a couple in their 30s, yet they love older men. These two robust guys love to travel and socialize with guests. Other enjoyable past times include photography (much more will follow in CR CLASSICS #3 and in future CR issues), collecting antiques, bear collecting, astrology and most sports. They'd love to hear from other down-to-earth couples and single gentlemen for friendship and fun.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

JOEL, our cover photographer for this issue, is still an amateur, but he's really learning the ropes. Look for him to come into his own someday. He lives in Boise, Idaho with his life mate, model THOM.

SIMON BARR is a phenomenal professional photographer who resides in Central California with his mate of many years. All of his submittals have been masterpieces.

We'd like to thank the following photographers for their work during the Gathering. It was just too big a job to isolate the work of each, so we'll thank in alphabetical order:

BABY BEAR, THE BANKER, BAREKAT, BUZZ, CHARLIE CHIARELLI, DRIVER, JACOB, LES, LOU, SMITTY, TOMCAT and **TURBO**. (NOTE: Additional photos taken at the Gathering will be featured in CR CLASSICS #3 and future issues of CR.)

ARTISTS

Page 8: **KEMUSH** is a burly, 60ish Bigman who lives with his partner of many years, fellow artist, BILL III in a Los Angeles house over 100 years old. While not painting his trademark nudes of men of color and Bigmen, he collects Zuni Indian artifacts, Greek statuary and fine paintings.

Page 24: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and CR model) in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

Page 25: **CHARLES OF FRANCE** is a 40-year-old professional artist who lives in Paris. He loves and would like to hear from older, hairy men.

Page 29: **JAMES L. HAWKINS**, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years, Jack Gray, age 73, in their home in West Los Angeles. They both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

Page 42: **BILL III** has lived with fellow artist, KEMUSH, for 27 years. He's tough, masculine and quiet, but he kills with his smile. A jack-of-all-trades, there is nothing he can't fix.

Page 48: **RAM** hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers, as you can surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint. You think the artwork presented in this issue is provocative? Wait'll you see what he's done for CR CLASSICS #3. Outrageously hot!

Page 52: **ELF** - See profile on page 53.

MOUNTAIN MAN . . . photo by JOEL

NEW PRODUCT UPDATE

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An amazing new lubricant is revolutionizing solo sex! Its breakthrough formula gives you unparalleled sensation, lasts 4 times longer than other popular lubricants, and cleans up easily—NO sticky mess!

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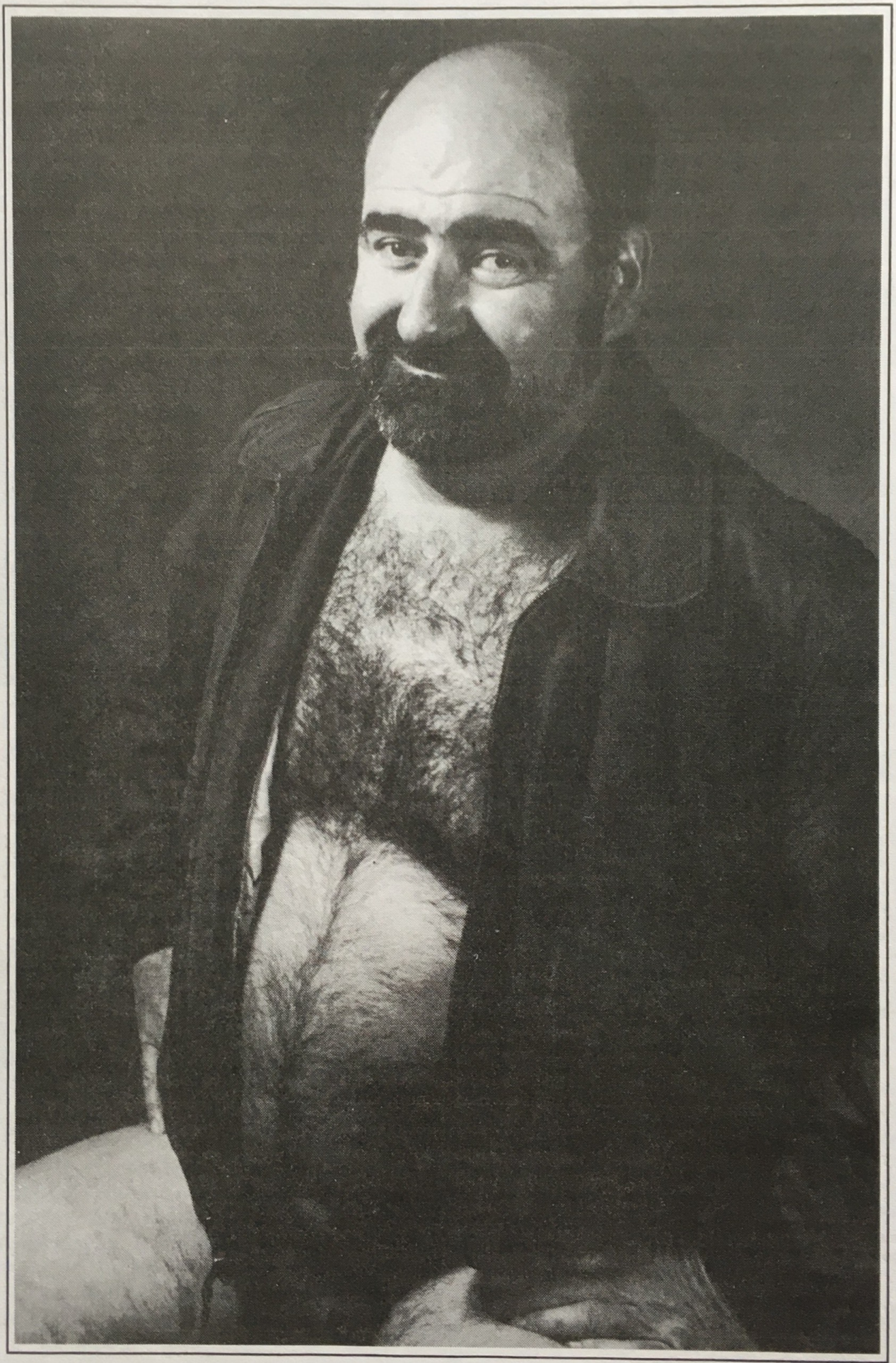
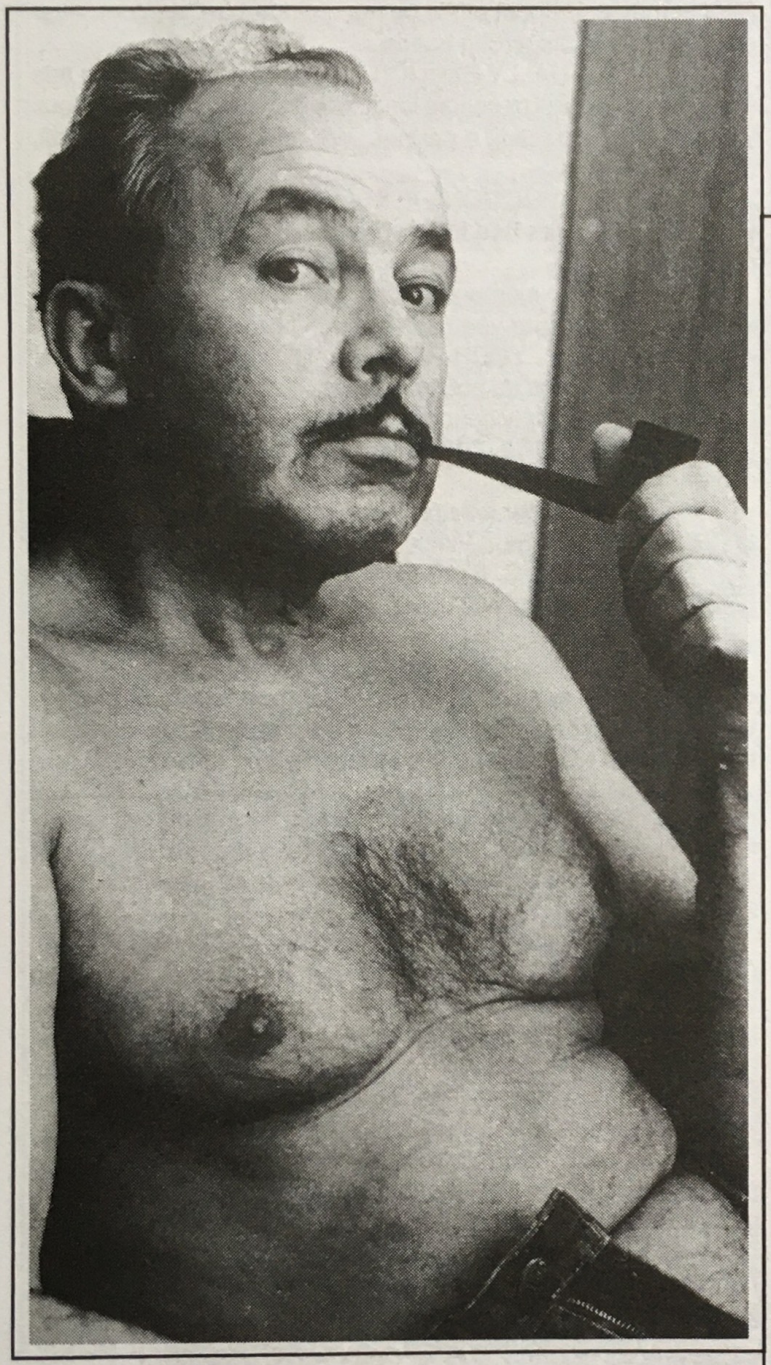
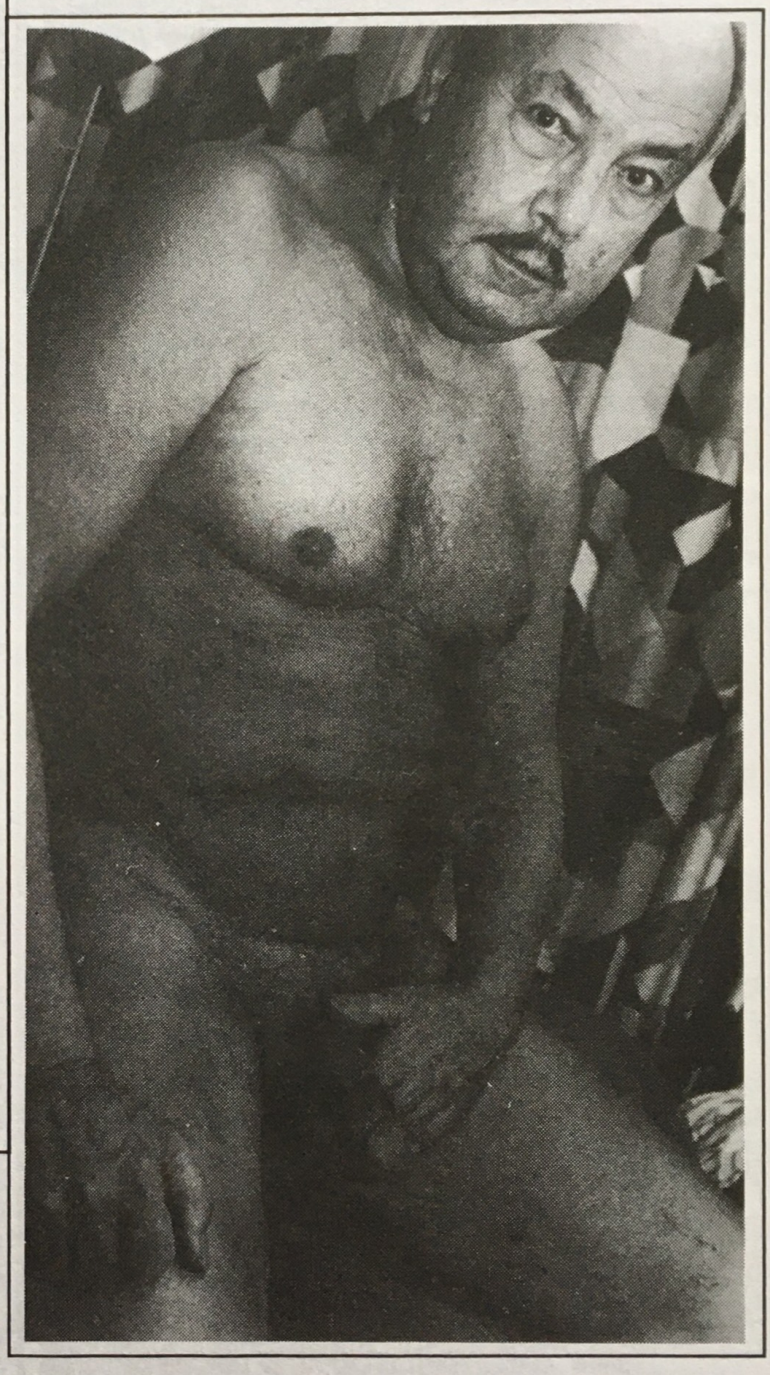


PHOTO BY PAUL R.P.

LASSE





PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SKOGLUND

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ARIZONA

(10/93) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: Model **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, into light S & M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(10/93) SAUSALITO: I'm 5'-10", 180#, with silver hair, blue eyes, smooth body, 6" cock. Will reply to photo/letter. Open to recreational sex, 3-ways, action buddy, or my first preference, which is a monogamous relationship. Write: B.J., P.O. Box 2608, Sausalito, CA 94965.

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Sincere GWM, 47, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, uncut bear, mostly bottom, seeks husky/chubby guy for fun, friendship, possible relationship. I have many interests to share. Send photo to T.R., P.O. Box 15093, San Francisco, CA 94115.

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO: City Boy will celebrate 100th birthday in 2023. Enjoy arts and entertainment, not enthusiastic about traveling. After the City, is there anyplace else? Seeking friendship, maybe more with active retirees. Write: **RICK BEWA**

(10/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-5", 170#, nonsmoker, light drinker. Smooth skin, brown hair, HIV negative, straight acting. Like music, golf, fishing, dining, cards, travel. Looking for companion, possible life mate over 55. Prefer stocky to larger build. Note and your picture for mine to: John, 2524 Ardmore Dr., San Pablo, CA 94806.

(12/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 48 yrs, 6'-2", 195#, short-trimmed gray beard, silver/light brown hair, husky, brawny, living on very rural ranch/farm one hour from San Francisco. Straight forward, trustworthy, very healthy, non-drinking nonsmoking, masculine businessman. Seeking honest, younger, masculine, affectionate, stable man as long-term partner who knows and appreciates active older gay men are very hot. Hopefully likes outdoors, gardens, dogs, cows, chickens and other gentle creatures. I like farm and ranch work, business, queer and liberal politics, travel, reading and of course home and hearth. Have the flexibility to possibly relocate for the right man. Please write informative letter with pictures to David, P.O. Box 751081, Petaluma, CA 94975.

(10/93) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/ SANTA ROSA: GWM, 53, stocky, hairless, balding grey, healthy (HIV-), nonsmoker/non-drinker, nudist, cut 6, big belly for daytime fun, companionship and possibly more. Write: George Mills, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(12/93) PORTLY TO HEAVYWEIGHTS: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, smooth, 6" uncut, retired. Seeks large to very large men, any age. Open to lifetime commitment. Pen pal, photo exchange nationwide welcome. Can travel. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy 245, Miramonte, CA 93641, (209) 336-0006.

(2/94) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 57, 5'-10", 180#, 9" cut, would like to meet gentlemen over 60 to discipline and love me. I always do as I'm told. Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, or call (415) 441-5191.

(10/93) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. GWM, 45, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-grey hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, clean-shaven, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, quiet lifestyle. Please include return address with response. John, P.O. Box 4654, Foster City, CA 94404.

(2/94) OLDER CULTURED GENTLEMAN: Shy British humor, professional, 65, attractive face, body, big tits, hairy, slender, uncut, seeks warm, fun, lustful lover for serious relationship only. HIV negative. Write: **SUMMERSET**

(12/93) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 52, 5'-10", 210#, HIV negative, white hair and beard, seeking lifemate/partner and friends. You enjoy quiet times, conversation, ideas; you are open, caring, loving, kind, affectionate, with a good sense of humor and fun and friendship. Write: N.D., Box 463, Forestville, CA 95436.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(10/93) SAN DIEGO: Masculine Asian, discreet, moustache, 47, 5'-9", 181#, trustworthy, calm, working retiree, HIV negative, excellent cook who enjoys travel, sports and languages, is seeking 40+, stocky to heavyset, white/Mexican for friendship and fun. Possible relationship with the right person. Uncut a plus. All replies answered. Photos/phone requested but not mandatory. Write: J.C., 3770 Vermont St. #B, San Diego, CA 92103.

(10/93) PORTLY MEN 50/70: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, wants to correspond, perhaps to meet. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy. 245, Miramonte, CA 93641.

(10/93) SOUTH ORANGE COUNTY/NORTH SAN DIEGO COUNTY: I'm looking for a mature man for loving enounters. I'm 53, bi (wife unaware), 5'-8", 190#, cherub, bottom for W.S., rimming and ____ ? I am very discreet and totally safe. Let's meet. **THE RIGHT ONE**

(12/93) L.A. AREA: Cute GWM, 29, 5'-8", 135#, muscular, smooth, gymnist body and very financially secure, seeks very wealthy gentleman (over 55) for special bonding to share love and affection. Send correspondence to C.B., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(10/93) L.A. AREA: GWM, 52, 6'-0", 230#, looking for friend to enjoy travel, sports, movies, dining and videos. Enjoy visiting CR readers on vacation trips. Write: **BIG BILL** or phone (909)-596-3612.

(10/93) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, versatile GWM wants to meet others in varying states of impotency. Stocky, friendly and hairy 61, 5'-10", 205#, talented, masculine wants you. Size and age unimportant. HIV negative a plus. I am HIV negative, French A/P. Like J/O and lots of hugging, kissing. Prefer Burbank, SFV men, masculine and warm-hearted. Write Fred, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-INLAND EMPIRE: GBM, professional, retired, 65, 5'-8", 210#, moustache, fit, HIV negative, French active/passive, Greek passive, seeks good-looking top who is masculine, athletic, 50-70, for sensuous, slow meetings, plus good food, movies, videos, conversation. Write: **SCORPIO**

(10/93) NATIVE ITALIAN: 75, bilingual, slender, healthy, solid body (uncut 6"), nonsmoker, well-educated & traveled, with lots of TLC to give, seeks chubby male (about 300#) who must live in San Diego. Write Paul Borutti, 109 University Ave. #6, or call (619) 291-8966.

(10/93) NEWPORT BEACH: GWM, 58, professional, 5'-10", 180#, nonsmoker, HIV negative, drink only socially, honest and sincere. Looking for sincere men, ages 30-45 who are HIV negative and enjoy togetherness, honesty and friendship. I enjoy jogging, movies, plays, out to dinner, etc., in good healthy shape. UB2. I'm looking for friendship and more. No druggies, heavy drinkers or smokers. Write: **RUNNER**

(12/93) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: 37, 5'-11", 185#, masculine, semi-hairy, bi, bottom, with little experience, looking to please and obey sexually active, hung, dominant, mature man. Discipline. Safe. Race and weight unimportant. Write: **L.A. RON**

(10/93) LONG BEACH: burly, masculine guy, 56, 230#, 5'-11", seeks 50+ chubby to pet and pamper. Write: Ed Harvey, 280 Molino Ave. #201, Long Beach, CA 90803

(12/93) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 68, 6'-3", 195#, green eyes, silver hair, moustache, beard. Multi-lingual, witty, workaholic, successful author in several media. Oversexed and overwhelmed with loneliness. Practice French actively, Greek passively. Don't need any more practice. Just right fellow (30-50), F/p, G/a, horny a plus! Photo, phone number, please. Write: **IRISH**

CONNECTICUT

(4/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 49, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

FLORIDA

(2/94) NORTH MIAMI-INTERNATIONAL: 63-year-young, 5'-5", chubby, 221#, intelligent, honest, caring, affectionate, seeks LEAN top man, 25-55, for serious monogamous relationship. A masculine man desired. Me: non-drinker/smoker/drug user. Seek same. I am HIV negative and seek same. I am into many cultural and psychic pursuits. A redhead a plus. Call (305) 892-1426 till 12 a.m., or write to Francis Cianflone, 920 N.E. 129th St., N. Miami, FL 33161.

(10/93) POMPANO BEACH: GWM, 35, red hair, 5'-7", 170#, bear cub. Looking for friendships and possible relationship in future. Prefer 50+, gray hair or balding, chubby, and hairy a +. Not looking for sugar daddy. Your letter assured a response. Photo not required, but send if you wish. Write: **CARDINAL**

(10/93) NORTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 61, 6'-0", 222#, nonsmoker, attractive. Prefer 5'-6" or under, 65-75, weight unimportant, balding and accents a plus, but not mandatory. Photo/phone, please. Write: **MORRIS**

(10/93) UNFULFILLED IN UTOPIA: If you are around 70, alone and need companionship; have the quiet confidence that comes from emotional maturity; are discreet and self-respecting; enjoy private sensual expression; just an ordinary man who thinks extraordinary thoughts; and if you are still too virile to throw in the towel--I need you to love. I am GWM, 63, 5'-10", 160#, graying, glasses, retired professional, financially constrained, enjoy touching, caressing, French active/passive. I hope that you will accept my humble Ft. Lauderdale condo as your home during extended bonding visits and welcome me likewise into your home. I need you to share my joy in finding your friendship. For address, phone, photo, write: **MIRAHE**

(8/94) WEST PALM BEACH: CR Model (cover of #48 and inside #53) KARL has recently relocated from California. This late 50s ex-football player is single, flexible and looking for

just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age. Write: **KARL**

(10/93) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 67. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

GEORGIA

(4/94)) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 170#, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker. Let's exchange info and photo about ourselves. Write: Ed, 215 Shirley Dr., Warner Robins, GA 31088.

(12/93) ATLANTA: Bear, 58, easy-going, brown hair, brown eyes, 190#, full beard and 'stache. Attached, but bored. Wants to meet new friends and pen pals, 30-60. Curious about other bears. Likes music, cooking, entertaining, sailing, camping, computer bulletin boards, and keyboards. If any of this spikes your interest, drop a line and photo to: **TRUCK**

ILLINOIS

(10/93) CENTRAL/SOUTHERN ILLINOIS: 39-year-old, masculine, sincere and passionate man's man type, looking for mature (over 55) bears who are all man, yet playful, a bit passive, and interested in friendly weekend meetings. Photo, if possible. It will be returned. Write: **KINGFISHER**

(10/93) ILLINOIS: GWM, 60, 5'-10", 140#, clean-cut. Seeking age 60s-70s, any race. Near Peoria. Write: Ed, Box 343, Bureau, IL 61315.

KANSAS

(12/93) KANSAS: 53-year-old male seeking single and couples in Kansas. Versatile, no-roles kind of guy. Age not important. Anxious to network in Central Kansas. I know you're out there. Please write with photo. Joel Banner, P.O. Box 95, Alma, KS 66401-0095.

MASSACHUSETTS

(10/93) BOSTON: Are you a younger man who likes older? Let's talk, correspond, meet. I'm 63, 5'-9", 205#, HIV negative, employed engineer, content with single life, but feel that it would be more fun to share. Prefer men legal to 40 years, on the lean side, not using drugs or tobacco. Any skin color fine. Dark hair, smiles and flashing eyes turn me on. Since I'm a father and grandfather, my experience with family life should make me a good companion. Photo gets mine. Write: **BOSTON BILL**

(8/94) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

MICHIGAN

(10/93) SOUTHWEST MICHIGAN: GWM, not looking for a lover, but would like to expand my circle of great friends. I'm 66, 5'-9", 190#, with everything operative and healthy. Many interests: arts, theater, sports, entertaining and especially gardening. I'm retired and enjoy life. Write: **MOZART**

MISSISSIPPI

(10/93) WANTED: Fat, older gentlemen for companionship and some sex. I'm 66, still active, uncut, and trim. Enjoy dogs, gardening, writing. Photo and phone. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MINNESOTA

(10/93) SOMEONE'S THERE: GWM, 51, 6'-0", 200#, balding, moustache, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker, seeks new friendships and lasting relationship. Hairy men a plus but not necessary. Let's exchange info about ourselves. Penpals welcome. Answer all, but photo gets first response. Write: W. Peppel, 9593 Anderson Lakes Pkwy #173, Eden Prairie, MN 55344.

MISSOURI

(10/93) MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: WM, 6'-0", 200#, brown/blue-green, masculine, assertive but gentle, sensual, minimum body hair, HIV-, healthy, uncut 6", secure, educated, professional, very discreet, retired, independent, lives alone. Seeks college students up to 70. Photo appreciated with letter. Write: Joe, P.O. Box 9931, St. Louis, MO 63122.

MONTANA

(10/93) WESTERN MONTANA: Stable, masculine, stocky, clean-cut, caring, friendly, conservative, safe WM, 38, with sense of humor, many interests. Straight acting/appearing. Seeking similar friends, 50+. No drugs, masculine only. Absolute discretion required/assured. Write: **REGULARGUY**

NEVADA

(10/93) LAS VEGAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-7", 185#, retired, seeking companion, permanent relationship or new friends. Any age will do. If necessary, can relocate. Pen pals wanted. Write: Ted Hale, 3601 E. Wyoming Ave., Sp. 23, Las Vegas, NV 89104-4933.

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends.

(10/93) NEW JERSEY: South Jersey GWM, 36, 5'-9", 170#, bald, moustache, hairy chest and legs, HIV negative, athletic, masculine, educated, nonsmoker, with a great sense of humor. Seek masculine, aggressive Daddy, 45+ for relationship. Looks not as important as attitude. You should be HIV- and versatile in and out of bed. Send letter and photo to: **HIRSUTE**

(10/93) NEW JERSEY: GWM, 56, 6'-3", 195#, endowed, hairy chest, introvert, educated, retired, limited income. Seek local relationship with senior gentleman. Photos returned. Carl Vance, P.O. Box 1436, Maplewood, NJ 07040.

(10/93) CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 230#, balding/grey, blue/glasses, clean-shaven, hairy body, educated, veteran, nonsmoker, clean, gentle, affectionate. Seeks nice, smooth, slim, any race, 20s-40s. Like NYC, classical music, ballet, opera, history, genealogy, quiet times. Tom Schultz, 212 Baldwin St. #5-B, New Brunswick, NJ 08901. (908) 828-5649.

(10/93) PEQUANNOCK: Do you like pre-1960 music, film, theatre? We'd probably enjoy each other. GWM, 48 yrs, 6 ft., 165#, salt and pepper hair, moustache, hairy legs, seeks new friends for companionship and sex. Age unimportant. A sense of humor and thought is. Please write with photo. G.G., Box 172, Pequannock, NJ 07440.

NEW MEXICO

(10/93) COCHITI LAKE (NEAR SANTA FE): GWM, 6'-1", 185#, 60, HIV negative, value friendships, honest loving, clean, nonsmoker, no drugs/S & M. Love foreplay, cuddling and safe, hot sex. Your photo gets mine (nude). Will answer all. Write: Ed David, 6559 Robin St., Cochiti Lake, NM 87083.

NEW YORK

(10/93) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(10/93) NEW YORK/TRI-STATE AREA: Long Island professional, 37, 6 feet, 175#, conservative, clean-cut, clean-shaven, healthy, masculine and trim, seeks friendship and possible relationship with bi or GWM professional, 45-60, who is also conservative in appearance, trim, clean-shaven, masculine and discreet. I am sincere, enjoy sports, movies and quiet times, and am not at all into the "gay scene," bars or anything kinky. Please send letter, photograph (or photostat—either will be returned upon request) and phone. Write: **ESQUIRE**

(10/93) MONROE COUNTY: 50, 5'-10", 300#, affectionate cuddler, more interested in getting to know you than having sex on the first date. I enjoy movies, bicycling, eating out, traveling. I need nonsmoker and prefer non-drinker. All answered. Jim, P.O. Box 93023, Rochester, NY 14692.

(10/93) NEW YORK: Verbally aggressive, commanding, demanding, yet sensual 36 y/o hairy top, seeking young man who yearns to offer himself for my total satisfaction. My place. Clean, discreet, Brooklyn. Photo? Phone? C.R., P.O. Box 2043, New York, NY 10159.

(10/93) NEW YORK: Intelligent, sincere, affectionate WM, late sixties, 5'-5", 132#, loves music theater. I swim, work out. Am nonsmoker/drinker, HIV negative. Not into gay bars. Looking for companionship, passionate friendship. My picture appeared in CR #53. Write: **PHOENIX**

(12/93) ARE YOU 50? 60? MORE? I'm 60s, young appearance, in-shape, 6'-4", 190#, 9", uncut. Seeking healthy, caring, HIV negative, quality guy like me for friendship or more, any area, to meet, phone, correspond. Dad types a plus. Pic appreciated; all answered. **MALECALL**

(10/93) NIAGARA COUNTY GENTLE GIANT: GWM, 31, 280#, 6'-7", brown/green, seeks 40+ men (height and weight unimportant) for good times/possible relationship. If you have "a brain, a heart, a home, the NERVE," write: **LION**

OHIO

(12/93) DAYTON/SW OHIO: GBM, 52, 5'-9", solid 190#, café au lait complexion, brown/brown. Professional communicator. Many interests: sports, the arts, reading, history, music, "hot" tapes. Strong arms to hold a 50+ guy who's stable, secure with himself and who appreciates sensual, caring lovemaking. I'm sexually versatile—safely. Please, no kink, mind games or photo collectors. Will exchange letters and photos; discretion assured. To a special guy out there: let's join in a special bond—mind-to-mind, heart-to-heart, etc. Write: STRAC, 8599 Towson Blvd., Miamisburg, OH 45342.

OREGON

(10/93) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 5'-10", 178#, grey hair and eyes, seeks manly, dominant, authoritarian, but sexually affectionate, gay or bi male, 25-40 for monogamous, lifelong relationship. Could live in the country. Will help relocate. Still HIV negative; however, 10 years of celibacy is enough! René, P.O. Box 11202, Eugene, OR 97440.

PENNSYLVANIA

(10/93) PENNYSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM Chubby chaser, closeted, country boy, Latin, 35, 5'-10", 160#, 8-1/2", bl/bl, moustache, hairy, healthy, sincere, affectionate nature lover. I don't smoke, drink or do drugs. Am shy but with great sense of humor, not at all into gay scenes. I seek distinguished, overweight male, retired football player type, 40+, 200# minimum, for companionship and passionate, monogamous relationship. I am a professional and willing to relocate. Confidentiality and discretion assured and expected. Not looking for penpals. Other than masculine or bar types need not answer. J. Melim, P.O. Box 183, Irwin, PA 15642.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(10/93) SOUTH CAROLINA: Gay Asian seeks older man. I'm living in Columbia, SC. I'm 21, a graduate student, 5'-11", 140#, outgoing, affectionate, and cuddly. Would love to meet or correspond with GWM, 50+, for friendship and more. Please send photo. Write: **CHIN**

TENNESSEE

(12/93) TENNESSEE: White male, 32, seeks to increase circle of friends. Looking for those 40 or older in the middle Tennessee, Nashville area. Write: **REP**

TEXAS

(10/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(12/93) LIFE PARTNER WANTED: GWM, 31, tall, trim, athletic, nonsmoker, financially secure. Masculine and dominant daddy type. Seeking short, stocky, grey, balding man who has a boyish disposition, can cook, is Greek passive, and is able to relocate. Write: Morgan, Box 227412, Dallas, TX 75222-7412.

VIRGINIA

(10/93) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7", endowed, HIV negative, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 75-year-plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

WASHINGTON

(10/93) NATIONWIDE GM WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-10",230#, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, a bit furry. Sense of humor requested. Looking for lifemate. Enjoy travel, theatre, cuddling. Must have own income. Straight-acting son wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 241, Montesano, WA 98563.

(12/93) WASHINGTON 50-YEAR-OLD PARAPLEGIC: seeks sensitive, intelligent, clean-neat correspondent between the ages of 20 and 55, with no addictive habits. Area of interest is southwestern Washington State. Centralia/Chehalis area preferred, but Raymond/South Bend also okay. Write: **WHEELS**

(12/93) DAD SEEKS SON/PARTNER who is mature, fun loving, self-sufficient, willing to follow but sometimes lead, and wants a long-term relationship. I'm 56, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, affectionate, enjoy travel, skiing, sailing, hiking, friends, quiet times and home. Seek a son/partner to build and share life with. SAM, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

WEST VIRGINIA

(10/93) ROMANCE: Does anyone know what that means? Write this GWPM, 46, 190#, 6 ft. passionate man and tell him. Correct answers get date and possible monogamous relationship. Write: **GRAHAM**

(10/93) WV/DC/VA/MD: Cute GWM, 5'-8", 145#, brown hair, green eyes, 51, in pretty good shape, G/A, in WV panhandle near Baltimore, DC, seeks long term relationship taking life a day at a time with masculine/boyish, slender (muscular and/or thin), G/P & J/O buddy/friend/lover, 18-40. Am a video/audio journalist/reviewer, into arts, diverse types of music (classical, RR, CW), film, outdoors, model railroading. Hope to meet someone in a 12-step program who loves sex but also pursues a spiritual path. Can entertain if you can travel. Photo/phone to: Rad, RD 2, Box 654, Harpers Ferry, WV 25425.

WISCONSIN

(12/93) NORTHERN WISCONSIN: 37-year-old, 5'-10", 195#, hairy, would like to meet 50+, masculine type for weekends and possible relationship. Write: **THUMPER**

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(10/93) VANCOUVER: 70, 6'-2", 185#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, #281, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7, CANADA

(10/93) BEARHUNTER & DADLOVER: Looking for major horny, handsome and mega-hairy (grey preferred) Dad. No slave and master scenes. I'm into romance and long cuddle times. Son, 27, 179 cm, 70 kg, grey-blue hungry eyes, thin dark blond hair, hung 19 cm by 5 cm, hairy—with a lot of juice from the crown jewels that's waiting for you. Write: Martin Althoff, Leversum 2, 4710 Lüdinghausen, GERMANY

(12/93) GERMANY: Healthy young man, 49, 6 ft., 215#, seeking elderly, dominant Daddy to welcome in his big flat in Bavarian countryside for friendship and more. Love nature, arts, music, reading. Write: H.W. Bernt, Hinterschnaitt 1, 83317 Teisendorf, GERMANY. Tel: 08 666 8615.

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent ***solicited*** *photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]*

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

(NOTE: ALL ADVERTISERS IN THIS SECTION ARE SUBSCRIBERS TO CR AND HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.)

ARTWORK

THE BODY MALE by DICK II. Fine art drawings and paintings. Home studio in Los Angeles. Call (818) 964-8121 for details. (8/94)

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025. (8/94)

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Write: KEMUSH c/o CR. (8/94)

VIDEOS

CR seeks to purchase high quality, original VHS footage of current, previous or future models for incorporation into a special video presentation which will be screened at the CR SPRING GATHERING in Las Vegas. Prefer wholesome or erotic (nude or clothed) "home movie" style of material--NO PORN, please. Contact the publisher.

PUBLICATIONS

(8/94) Turned off by washboard stomach, bubble-butt fiction posing as the real thing? If down-to-earth truth turns you on, send for this little amateur magazine of true male sex experiences from correspondents around the world. $3.00 each, Nos. 1 and 2. RANCH, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064-4871. State that you are over 21. Cash okay.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

(2/94) John J. Mcneill, PhD, gay-identified psychotherapist. Twenty-five years experience. Individual, group and couples therapy. Fees on sliding scale. Offices located at 98 Riverside Drive #5-H, New York, NY 10024. (212) 721-9235.

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CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS FOR MATURE MEN

(NOTE: Some of the following welcome younger admirers of mature men. Inquire about age requirements.)

PRIME TIMERS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major U.S. cities, Canada and Australia. Call or write for the club nearest you. (C)

S.A.G.E., 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. (212) 741-2247. Senior Action in a Gay Envirnment, Inc., is a social services organization for senior gays and lesbians. This group does a lot of charity work for needy, elderly gay and lesbian citizens. (C)

S.A.G.E. OF CALIFORNIA, INC., P.O. Box 4071, San Diego, CA 92164. (619) 282-1395. A social and support organization for senior gays and lesbians. Not affiliated with SAGE of New York.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND. A social and support organization for senior men in Great Britain. (C)

NISSE - SENIORPROJECT, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S-104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN. Social and support group for Scandanavian men called *"Senior-groupe." (C)*

VINTAGE MEN, 11/7, McGrath Court, Richmond, Victoria 3021, AUSTRALIA - Tel (03) 428-0491. Social and support group for senior Australian men.

SENIORMÄNNENS KLUBB, c/o SETA rf, Box 55, 00531 Helsinki, FINLAND. A social and support group for senior Finnish men. (C)

SONOMA BARES, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439. A gay male nudist club for senior men and their admirers interested in total nudism. (10/93)

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Cover models and models whose photographs are blown up and prominently displayed in our magazines are due free copies of those issues, depending upon availability. This offer is also extended to authors and artists.

CAN'T WAIT UNTIL JUNE '94?

All kinds of impromptu mini-gatherings are being held throughout the East Coast and Midwest. Several of the guys who attended the Orlando party have managed to keep the magic alive by introducing new friends they met in Orlando to their local friends. Model CARL LAWRENCE (CR 54,57) says he's been able to drum up some preliminary interest in a big potluck feast for some of the Bay Area C-Risers. Anyone interested in such an event should write CARL c/o CR. We'll gladly give free press to anyone who wants to organize a mini-gathering.

DON'T LOOK BACK: A MEMOIR

by Patrick O'Connor

In New York City, an editor's life can be both charmed and cursed: hobnobbing with the literati one day, out of a job the next. Through good and bad encounters, stories emerge. This collection of tales from Patrick O'Connor's career chronicles the hilarious and the poignant in a straightforward, humorous style.

Throughout the book, very well-known names are dropped: William Paley, Boris Karloff, John Simon—O'Connor's editorial eye is unblinking. For lovers of the literary life, *Don't Look Back* will be required reading.

MOYER BELL

October, $18.95, cloth, ISBN: 1-55921-098-2

192pp, 5" x 7 1/2"

Kymbolde Way, Wakefield RI 02879

1-401-789-0074 FAX:1-401-798-3793

Distributed to the trade by **PGW**

800-788-3123; in California: 510-658-3453

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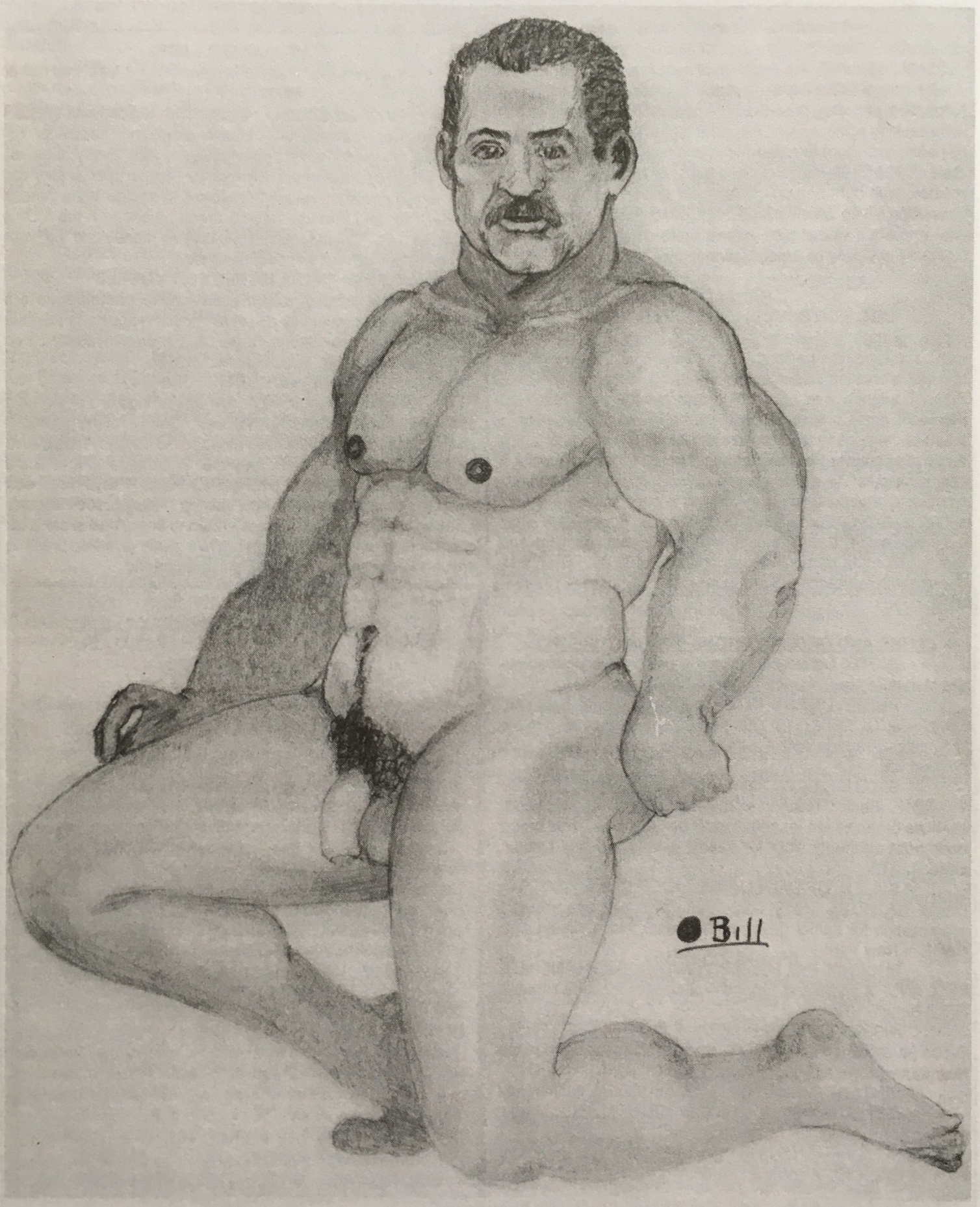


AFTERNOONS AT THREE

By Pug Snider

Hollywood rumor mongers speculated that Sy Spiegel must have had some kind of fantastic new-fangled penis implant. Let it be known, this is a big pile of bullshit.

We were sitting in Spiegel's office. It's three doors off Hollywood Boulevard, but because the back windows look out on an old cemetery, you get the feeling you're fifty miles away. And the temperature's always seventy-two degrees even when it's like the Sahara out on the pavement. Unlimited coffee and a big box of assorted doughnuts made it an ideal layover for a kid like me who too often had had no real lunch.

In the waiting room, where the chairs were not too comfortable and the climate was closer to that of the street, there were usually a dozen varieties of talent waiting to audition. A couple of years ago I had sat out there. Day after day. Not because I really believed in myself. I was too skinny, and people told me I spoke so softly they couldn't hear me.

I hung around though, encouraged by my mom and loyal classmates after my success in the class play, *A World of Silence*, in which I had played a deaf mute. By the time I got to the Coast, they were making very few pictures that called for deaf mutes. Seems like you had to be either a real good talker, or built real great, or with a certain kind of hair. The kindly trucker who drove me out slipped me a ten dollar bill and told me I could be another Roddy McDowall. This gave me false confidence until weeks later somebody tipped me off that McDowall had probably the largest cock in Hollywood.

A lot of people never do get in to see Sy Spiegel. They give up. How did I get in? It was a fluke. A magazine carrying an interview with the great man mentioned that his second greatest passion was playing Scrabble, that board game that's like a crossword puzzle. Now, if there's one thing I'm good at, it's Scrabble. I was born to the game. Not only was I state champion speller three times in a row, at age six I had a vocabulary of over twelve thousand words. Besides, it never took more than fifteen minutes for me to finish the New York Times crossword puzzle in ink.

After reading that interview, I equipped myself with a board and enticed another hopeful into playing with me, always in plain sight of the snotty receptionist, who, even though I was there day after day, always said, "What's your name again, please?" On the third day, consistently winning game after game, I detected interest and a buzz of inter-office communication. I got what looked like a conspiratorial smile. Others had been waiting longer than I, yet I was told, "Get in there now. And take your board with you."

It worked! I was in like Flynn. We played from three till nearly five o'clock, during which time Sy Spiegel told his receptionist to send everybody home till tomorrow morning.

At first, I had the guy sized up as a fat slob with the basic Hollywood mentality. Wrong!

In spite of the custom tailoring, Italian loafers, stubbled jaw, and well-exercised pecs under tightly-stretched white shirting, his hands were those of an honest working man. He had none of that highly polished, manicured look you see out here on guys who sit on their asses all day. Another point in his favor: he smelled like a man rather than a Rodeo Drive boutique. Point three: If he did have a fancy barber, he had undoubtedly been instructed to play down rather than show off what would have been indecently gorgeous salt and pepper curls. Even cut to a minimum, the hair suggested generous chest hair and a nice outcropping of untamed curls in the pubic area.

I am a sucker for body hair, especially greying black or dark brown. Because of this my mind wandered, and I lost the first game. Mentally undressing my opponent, I inadvertently let him build onto a red square that netted him a triple score. When I complemented him, he replied modestly, "New word. Just learned it yesterday."

I put daydreams aside and beat him the next two games, winding up with a last ditch opportunity to get rid of my "z" by spelling out "jizm." He challenged me but gave in after consulting his handy Scrabble dictionary.

When the intercom buzzed insistently, he reluctantly surrendered to a one-sided conversation with a Gloria, obviously a wife with a baby-sitter problem. He only half-listened as he toyed with his tiles, finally forming a seven-letter word which gave him an extra fifty points. "Just tell the Goldmans we'll be a little late," he said. He hung up and tallied his score.

He had an impressive total, but, by pluralizing his word with my "s" and getting rid of my "q" and my "x," I edged him out by two points. A desk lamp illuminated the board. A deepening dusk veiled the sad-looking panorama of tombstones and weeds across the way. A cleaning lady came in but retreated when she saw the two of us sitting in the gloom.

"It's okay, Lucille. We're just leaving," he said. Rising, he stretched, put on his expensive jacket and then moved to a hidden bar, which opened at the touch of a button.

He poured himself a healthy slug of whiskey and was about to pour a second when I told him I didn't drink.

"Smart," he said, "but, unlike me, you're not going to spend the evening with Mr. Asshole of the Year and his equally celebrated wife. My wife says this is the way we make brownie points, but I'd just as soon pass kidney stones."

He downed his drink and then pushed the button that made the bar disappear. When he noticed me with the Scrabble board under my arm, he said, "Wait a minute. Leave it here. You *are* coming back, aren't you?"

"Sure, I'll be back," I said, thinking of the many times I'd said those words but never returned when I'd been only too glad to get away from a stranger who reminded me too much of myself.

But this was something different. It was only a game; three games, to be exact. Over, yet not over. And the stranger was still the stranger, scarcely revealed, in spite of playful/serious competition that had been as hot and exciting as the first time a man showed you what fun two men could have together in bed.

While these serious thoughts put a brake on the strong feelings that had too often sent me racing down the wrong street, I recalled two near disasters. One had been a classmate whose only real interest was in my ability and willingness to do Spanish translations for him. Another was a hot-blooded Egyptian whose out-sized member no longer required my attention after his wife and three children returned from an extended vacation in Hawaii.

I was brought back to the present when Spiegel took an arm and walked me to the door. He said, "I suppose you thought your little ploy was completely original." He gave me a sly look.

I guess I appeared bewildered. I was nonplussed by both the accusation and the not-unpleasant, take-charge sensation as he guided me through the darkened corridor. The explanation came out slowly. "These damn rags with their in-depth interviews are so hard up for cute little tidbits. Used to be they were satisfied with what a man eats for breakfast. Now they have to let the public know whether he's circumcised or uncut. In my case, being a declared Jew, no question--so that article in *Hollywood Focus* played up my addiction to the game of Scrabble like it was something you do behind closed doors once you've seduced a suitable partner." Spiegel laughed and gave my arm an extra squeeze. I liked that and the idea that this man was circumcised like myself.

"Guess you thought you were the first guy to use this little trick to get into my office? There were three others before you. But they couldn't play worth shit."

By this time we had reached Spiegel's car, a foreign job that TV ads describe as "an adventure in driving." The only other vehicle in the lot was a decrepit pickup filled with cleaning materials. Obviously, I had come by public transportation.

"Can I give you a lift up to the boulevard?" came an offer I couldn't refuse. How many times had I been picked up on that boulevard? How many times had I been dropped on that boulevard? How many times had I made a certified asshole out of myself?

In the intimacy of that tiny car, cozy as a cocktail lounge, my ruse exposed, my playing skill commended, the conversation shifted.

"Did you ever see such a variety of human merchandise?" Sy asked.

Several handsome faces--and some not so handsome--glanced in at us. The boldest of the lot, completely ignoring me, directed his pitch to my obviously affluent companion: "He no work out, Daddy, drive around the block, and I be here."

A perfect example of young Hispanic maleness, his carefully plucked eyebrows and girlish enthusiasm canceled out the superb build and the grossly exaggerated bulge in his cheap work pants.

The light changed. We moved on. Three more blocks, and we would be within a few doors of where I shared a ratty little room over a laundromat. The hustler's crude invitation hung in the air, so I was not surprised when Spiegel commented: "I guess the poor creature back there figured that I'd just picked you up and was still negotiating with you. If things didn't click, I'd dump you and come back to see what he had to offer. Poor bastard!" He laughed. "When you look like a `Daddy' and drive a sporty car on this street so aptly called The Boulevard of Broken Dreams, you get that sort of thing all the time."

I had to admit that an older man riding with a much younger man (I was still on the sunny side of thirty) would appear as fair game to our young Aztec beauty. He'd think his eighteen years or so stood a better chance with "Daddy" than my tired old twenty-eight years. Silently, I thanked the good Lord that the extra ten years had not weighed too heavily on me.

I was drawn up sharply when Spiegel, sounding a hell of a lot younger than his forty-five or so years, playfully suggested: "What say we drive back and tell our friend that things are working out splendidly and not to wait for me?" He was kidding, of course, but the way he said it made me feel special. "Shall we tell him we clicked right from the start? Or shall we tell him that Scrabble is rapidly replacing cocksucking?"

As a Midwest transplant, I was not yet comfortable in the quick give and take of Hollywood reparteé. I had always valued words and been a little careful in my use of them. Painfully so in situations where I was afraid I might spoil everything with somebody who might be a potential relationship of importance. The best I could come up with was: "And break a poor little Mexican's heart?"

My remark was pure sarcasm, but mention of the hustler's heart brought forth loud laughter, followed by a serious and surprisingly personal view on the subject. "A man comes out here with all his vital organs intact. His heart, his cock, and his wallet. Like me, a nice Jewish boy from Cleveland--"

I interrupted him when we reached my street. I figured he'd drop me on the corner, but he made a right and parked in a vacant spot directly in front of the laundromat. He took his foot off the brake and turned to rest one knee on the seat. He removed his expensive sunglasses, and there was revealed a deep sadness which, during the afternoon's games, had been masked by the spirit of competition. This was not the first time I had been strangely moved by the gamut of emotions displayed by dark Jewish eyes. Spiegel looked right at me, but he was miles away. Maybe in Cleveland.

As if reading my mind, he said, "You know, I probably should have stayed in Cleveland. The oranges there are just as good as what you get out here. With no talent of my own, I became a talent scout."

This was the first mention of the subject of talent. Now that I had crashed the gates, so to speak, was this the moment to push the probably now-dusty résumé and the three glossy five-by-eights? Evidently not, because the lecture continued: "Heart, cock, wallet. In that order. The heart was first to go. Then I reluctantly let go of the cock. So I'm left with the wallet. But I shouldn't complain; it's a fat one."

The Rolex on his nice, hairy wrist, along with the Italian leather upholstery, attested to the boast. The new car smell of the rich interior mingled with the opulent aroma of success emanating from every pore of the man sitting so close to

me. Heady stuff! And a far cry from the irritating cloud of bleach and detergent infecting my less-than-efficiency single.

There was a second reading of my mind. It was like a light came on. He slapped my thigh, his sadness gone. The dark eyes sparkled. "No wonder you looked sort of familiar when you walked into my office this afternoon. Those pictures have been sitting in my desk drawer along with all those glowing rave notices from--where was it?--the *Effingham Gazette*. Tell me something. Is there really an Effingham back there in Illinois?"

"Yes, indeedy. And the summers are effing hot, and the winters are effing cold." My stock cliché seemed to tickle him. With audience response like this, I was ready to go into my "aw shucks" routine. However, considering that this was the closest I'd ever come to a real audition, I didn't want to get too heavy into the country boy number. I longed to play sophisticated roles. One of my favorite glossies showed me in a rented tuxedo.

Once again, in that uncanny way of his, this guy followed my train of thought. "Those pictures are pretty awful. They don't half show the real you."

I took this as a compliment, trying not to remember that the last time I had heard it was when the photographer had suggested that my portfolio should include a bun profile and some frontal nudity. I declined, informing him that I was a "serious" actor. He was quick to inform me that nobody out here is more "serious" than actors who do very nicely making porno films, thank you.

"I've looked at those pictures more than once." And there was a sincerity that made me sort of wish that I had opted for the extra photo in my birthday suit. Guys--and even a couple of women--have told me that I look much better naked than in clothes. Even back home, I was never too much interested in fashion. Would Mr. Spiegel's professional eye have been influenced by a fairly nice ass and--if I do say so myself--a dick that can hold its own against a lot of those I've checked. At this point, I was getting a pretty good hardon. But, like a yo-yo, the damn thing descended when Spiegel modified his compliment. "You are certainly not handsome by Hollywood standards. And I guess you don't work out. Plus, you can't be more than five foot, nine. In a town where six is the required minimum. God, man, you're even shorter than I am"

This might have hurt just a little, but he softened the blow by indicating the concealed 'lifts" which were a built-in feature of his $200 shoes. "In this fucking town, a short guy can't get a decent table at a good restaurant."

His honesty warmed me all the more, and my hardon swelled again. I really liked this moody Jew. I liked everything about him: the smell of him, the hairy animal side of him underneath the successful, elegant, all-knowing Hollywood pro.

None of this soul-baring appeared in my duty letters to folks back home. My brief bulletin next day, scribbled on the back of a postcard depicting a Malibu sunset, merely announced that the Spiegel Agency was seriously considering me for a nice supporting role. There was a "P.S." informing them that Mr. Spiegel himself had already changed my name to Chad Wakefield.

They say that there are no longer any truly "overnight" successes, and that the old casting couch is a thing of the past. All I can say is that Chad Wakefield was conceived on a casting couch of sorts--actually a lumpy mattress in that tiny room over the White Swan Laundromat. The way it came about was hardly romantic, or even routinely erotic. In fact, it was scary as hell.

To begin with, Spiegel's cellular phone buzzed, and there ensued a heated conversation with the wife. It seemed that neither Shirley This nor Debbie That was available to sit with the Spiegel children. In desperation, Spiegel turned to me. "Wanna make an easy hundred bucks? Seven o'clock to midnight?" When I nodded, he promised Gloria he'd be home with a sitter by seven.

Relieved, he reached over and hugged me, pressing two fifties into my hand. I confessed my inexperience at the "nanny" game, but he assured me that the kids would love me, and that if Gloria okayed me, I could be Mr. Nanny indefinitely. "Hollywood has many back doors, my friend, and this one beats waiting tables. Ask me, I know. Meanwhile, I gotta take a piss bad." And that's how we ended up in my pad before the drive out to Brentwood.

Spiegel had mentioned that they had a pool and that both the kids were fishes. Why didn't I take along swim trunks?

I rummaged through my roommate's drawers and picked out the flashiest of his large assortment of Italian swimwear. He was off in Utah, doing stunts for a western. While I was at it, I borrowed a pair of snazzy "dokkers" and a cashmere sweater for my debut in Brentwood. I was standing there without pants, shucking off the shirt that had become sweaty after the day's round of agencies, when Spiegel came out of the john. Not bothering to zip up, he surprised the newly-hired help by plopping down on my unmade bed just as casually as if we were roomies.

This was not the way I had secretly planned for a relationship to evolve. Everything was happening too fast. A glance at my clock radio warned me what we had at best about fifteen minutes. A more insistent warning was tugging inside my too-tight jockstrap, worn as a solution to embarrassing swelling induced by interviews. Now my cock was telling me: "Fifteen minutes is fifteen minutes. Enjoy." Never one for "quickies," I nevertheless had to agree. I liked this guy--already my employer, so to speak. And as an employee in his household, I might never have the chance again. As the man himself had said, the wallet is mightier than the cock.

So much for homely little proverbs. The great man stretched out a hand and released my cock from its inadequate pouch, letting it spring forth to be recaptured in the grip of a strange fist. A gentler hand, sensitive to the twin balls squirming within their low-hanging sac, cradled them as if they were exquisite examples of Fabergé.

I felt at some disadvantage. Me naked. Him clothed. Clock ticking. I fully expected to be eaten hungrily and then whisked off to my baby-sitting duties. There would be no time for the "after-chat" which, to me, is the icing on the cake. He may or may not have been reading my mind again, but he let go of me long enough to make room alongside him. This was exactly where I wanted to be.

I would have liked to undress him then and there, a process always more exciting than tearing off Christmas wrappings. Instead, conscious of the clock, I reached into his open fly,

forced open his boxer shorts, and explored the contents. There was plenty. In fact, you could say the man was hung real good. The "boss" thumb, capable spatulate fingers, and strong wrist, which I'd admired earlier over the Scrabble board, had already indicated promise of substantial private endowment. Spiegel had a biggie. Even though it was not hard like my own, just holding it was most agreeable.

Little sounds told me that he too was enjoying the contact. "We've been flirting, you and I, ever since three o'clock. How do you suppose it reached this point?" He stuck his tongue in my mouth before I had a chance to answer.

I have to tell you that, as a family--and that includes all of Mom's folks as well as Dad's--we were not kissers. I was twenty before I received my first real kiss. It was at an Italian wedding where the bride's father insisted on dancing with me. Besides being an enthusiastic kisser, he was a tireless dancer. We were the hit of the evening. Mr. Furlanetti was undoubtedly drunk, probably straight as an arrow, but he left me with an indelible mark. My cousin's wedding the following Saturday was, by comparison, a stuffy Protestant affair. Females were forced to dance with females because most of the males were busy bonding over a keg of beer in the garage.

Spiegel's tongue more than made up for his flaccid prick. It was unnaturally long and with a peculiar muscularity which seemed to give it the driving strength of a super hardon. Coupled with the sensation were velvety, sensuous lips designed for the enjoyment of obscenely epicurean delights. My own lips, almost nonexistent, surrendered completely.

I was able to speak when his mouth moved from mine to my chest. My nipples responded like little soldiers as he tasted first one and then the other. I apologized for their lack of definition, remembering Spiegel's own proud pecs pressing for attention under the shirt and suspenders so suggestive of my daddy-image, TV's Ed Asner.

"They could use a little gym work. Maybe we can alternate between Scrabble and the gym," he said. He went back to nibbling, at the same time loosening his shirt to allow his hairy chest and belly to graze my smoothness.

With all that heat between us, I don't know who first realized what was happening in the area of our enmeshed groins. Under his weight, my cock had lost some of its military bearing while his had ever so slowly, ever so slyly, increased its sleepy flesh to a massive rod of astonishing hardness. He raised slightly to accommodate the giant and to give his great balls a little air. I glanced downward at the heavy artillery aimed in my direction, rosy-brown shaft topped by meaty pink head, advancing from a lair of thick, dark pubic hair.

Spiegel resettled atop me, kissing me with new frenzy. He stopped long enough to say: "This hasn't happened in months. Months! Make it last. Make it last forever!"

I rolled him off me, got him on his back, enabling me to inspect the great change which had come about. He kept saying, "It's a miracle." I thought I detected a tear running down his cheeks.

My fingers tested the hardness of this cleanly sculptured masterpiece, but my lips hesitated. How to begin?

I'd been told I was a lousy cocksucker. A deviated septum, source of a slight breathing problem, has always caused difficulties in these delicate situations. I could never seem to establish a good steady rhythm. And that was with guys whose dicks were half the size of this mouth-watering kosher delicacy.

I did the best I could, letting my tongue play around the ripe plum, depending on vigorous fist action up and down the length of the pulsing flesh. Its owner expressed gratitude with a variety of whispers, sighs, and groans. What sounded at first like a lullaby escalated to a Wagnerian aria of sweet surrender. AIDS-conscious, I dodged the flood just in time. The pearly liquid filled belly button and spread across the broad expanse of grey-haired chest and abdomen. Old cum, like old wine long stored, has a bouquet more powerful than a fresh batch. Like a tired jockstrap, it has a perverse charm all its own.

I kept waiting for the collapse of the mighty structure which had propelled this gusher, but it continued to stand tall, whereas my own erection, motivated solely by my visual reaction, had quietly shot a modest load and retreated. (I had already cum a generous amount during an early morning bit of rough-house instigated by my so-called straight roommate, who hadn't yet left for Utah.)

There was no time for a shower. We had only a few minutes to get to Brentwood. While I was mopping him up with my roomie's best towel, the hardon still lingering, Sy briefly outlined what he had in mind for me. Suddenly returned was the shrewd businessman, Mr. Star-Finder himself.

"You're a natural for the part of the younger brother in this new remake of 'In the Shadow of Greatness.' I'll mention it to Goldman tonight. We'll let him see you tomorrow. I'll introduce you as Chad Wakefield."

I have to be frank. You are probably wondering why you have never seen that remake at your local cinema. Or, for that matter, seen or heard of Chad Wakefield. Sy Spiegel never calls me anything but Chad. Ditto for the kids. Both of those little charmers refer to me as Uncle Chad. Gloria is a different kettle of fish. The Brentwood house, though comfortable, is not really a mansion, yet she runs it as if it were an English manor house. She calls me Wakefield, just as she calls her gardener Smythe.

My tests were a disaster. They say the camera has to love you. In my case, it hated me. The whole idea of "Shadow" was shelved. And so was I. Alive and well, living in Brentwood in the garage quarters, my backstroke has improved, and I have regular Hollywood pecs now, thanks to some sessions at the gym with Sy.

Nowadays, when Sy says, "How about a little Scrabble, Chad?" I Know exactly what he means. Only once did the cleaning lady catch us. It was dark, so I don't know if she saw anything, but out here nobody cares.

PUG SNIDER, who lives in Illinois with his bearish, slightly younger lifemate, says that this, his 80th year, has proven to be one of the most interesting and satisfactory. He's a retired journalist and one of the finest writers of poetry and gay erotica in the world today. He'd like to hear from men his age who once lived in the near north side of Chicago, near Lincoln Park.

HOW TO BECOME A *CR* MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight, sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a model? Did you know that, on average, models receive 20+ times the letters that personal advertisers do?

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

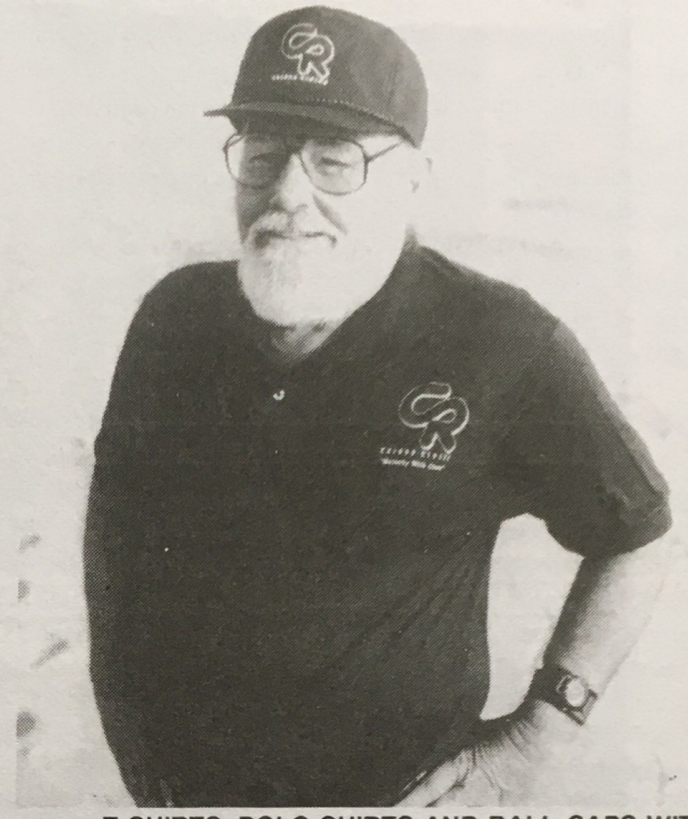
—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

Note: All subjects depicted must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash (professionals only), as agreed to.

HOW TO WRITE*CR* CONTRIBUTORS

Yes, you can easily contact any of our contributors, whether models, artists, writers, photographers or staff. Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some of our contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient.

BIG MAC BEACHWEAR



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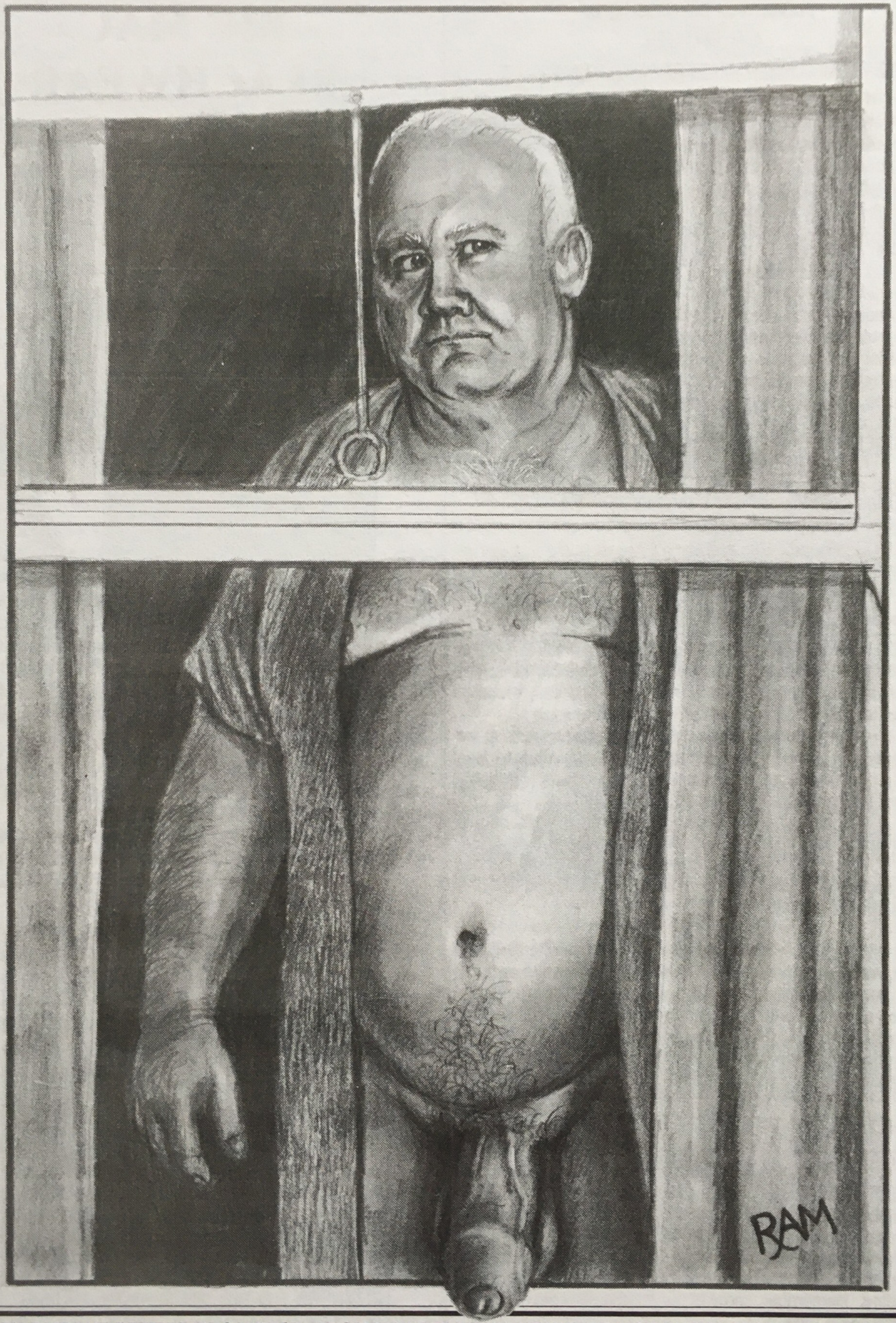


"EVERY TIME THE RETIRED PRO WRESTLER'S WIFE LEFT TOWN, HE WOULD MOTION TO ME FROM THE WINDOW."

Any similarity between the character depicted above and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. PHC

PATRICK H. COLLEY

DON'T LOOK BACK: A MEMOIR
by Patrick O'Connor
$18.95, 192 pp, Moyer Bell
ISBN: 1-55921-098-2

Don't Look Back: A Memoir is a collection of highlights from Patrick O'Connor's life and eminent career as a paperback editor in New York. Having made the acquaintance of this funny and delightfully irreverent man, I expected some comical moments but wasn't prepared for such a wide range of emotions the book elicited. O'Connor's style is so intimate that I felt as if I were tagging along as he revisited all those famous and obscure people and places that inspired the 46 short pieces. He painted a most vivid portrait of the literary scene in New York from the 50s on, allowing me to meet fascinating and bizarre celebrities and to soar off to exotic places like Israel, Poland, The Philippines, Scotland and Czechoslovakia. An eerie sense of O'Connor's physical presence evolved in my mind, and at first I discounted it as remnant memories of our meeting in Orlando. Eventually I realized the writing was really that magical. Shaking his hand hadn't opened that door; the spilling of his soul in the book had.

O'Connor reveals himself with no timidity. He calls himself a Trotskyite and maybe he is (or was). All I know is that in spite of some very politically incorrect choices of words that would get lesser men into hot water, he comes across as a benevolent, thoughtful free spirit who is intent upon calling things as he sees them.

"To Be a Ski Instructor and Marry a Movie Star and Other Such Fantasies" packs a lot into just eight pages. Of course it is the story of how the author came to be a ski instructor, but it's also about how a boy of six turned to books (*Edna Ferber at SIX?*) because he could never please his football coach father. For most of his life he avoided sports, then a lady friend introduced him to skiing at 40. It was love at first *swoosh*.

By page two I was hooked and became enthralled by O'Connor's wit and charm. "Donald Duck," the second piece, had me laughing in agony, nicely setting me up for "That Contraption," which is a hilarious account of how Marlene Dietrich was responsible for the author's name change from Robert to Patrick.

On it goes from a stunned dwarf to a masterful literary ploy ("There are no lies. There are only truths that haven't happened yet.") to Ayn Rand ("Miss Rand, the first thing you must know about me is that I'm a Trotskyite." "Mr. O'Connor, it doesn't matter about your politics as long as you are a good editor and do everything I say.").

Parts of the book are astounding. In "Black Rock Dreams," O'Connor, then editor-in-chief of CBS's Popular Library, was about to be canned for publishing a sensational book called *Rock Dreams*, featuring a series of paintings of rock stars. O'Connor: "The book was bizarre, borderline obscene: the Stones were in full drag, and in one painting, Jerry Lee Lewis's 13-year-old wife had her finger in a place where it ought not to have been." So who saved our hero's butt? Why, William Paley himself, of course.

Equally astonishing: "Boy Genius," about O'Connor's discovery of Leonard Maltin ("Entertainment Tonight") when he was the 17-year-old editor of *Film Fan Monthly*; "Frankenstein," an account of how the author talked Boris Karloff and his wife into baby sitting for Darren McGavin's children; and "One I Go To, One I Wouldn't Set Foot In," the story of how Irish Zionist O'Connor almost single-handedly created the dance library for the Dance Theatre of Harlem and the Dance Library of Israel.

Many of the little chapters are quite funny, but some are gut-busters. In "Bovary," O'Connor tells of a World War II experience during the battle for Zamboanga in the Philippines. He was with the Forty-first Infantry Division, and it was his first beach landing. Like so many other infantrymen staring in the face of death, he had diarrhea and would use freshly read pages of an Armed Forces edition novel for toilet paper. He had no intention of reading his packed away copy of *Madame Bovery* until the operation was over and his bowels had returned to normal. As the battle ended, a sergeant found him sitting on a G.I. blanket eating C-ration chocolates and reading his beloved novel. "Private O'Connor, what the fuck are you doing?" O'Connor's answer is priceless.

Another is "Disco," which chronicles a visit by China's leading dance critic, who met Patrick at his place in Fire Island Pines. While walking on the beach one night, the two men passed a gay disco and the Chinese scholar insisted upon going inside, whereupon he asked where all the wives were. The final three lines caused me to have to remove my contact lenses.

Relating anything about equally funny pieces such as "Chinese Food", "Anti-Semitism on the West Side" and "Christine" could constitute overkill, so I'll drop the humor angle. Which is just as well, because the final two segments are not at all funny. In "Ray Charles," O'Connor bares his essence with some of the most remarkable literary images I've ever read. It's a one-two punch, setting the reader up for . . . "Odd Couple" (with its graphic view right into Patrick O'Connor's heart), a two-page masterpiece that could only be written by a cardinal poet.

Patrick H. Colley is the cofounder, publisher and editor-in-chief of CR and CR CLASSICS Magazines. He lives in the Southern California High Desert with his lifemate of almost nine years, cofounder/copublisher Bruce A. Vaughan.

PAST PERFECT

By ELF

Rick had been at the Nautilus machines for three hours. As he stared into the mirror, he could tell it was worth it. His sweat-covered body was the envy of every man in the gym. He knew it instinctively, and he knew it by the way they watched him.

His hands slowly moved over his smooth, perfectly shaved chest and across his washboard stomach. From there, he let them fan out across the ample bulge tightly held in a spandex prison. His slow, deliberate rub-down was not just to ease his burning muscles. It was a gift to all those men who yearned that it be their hands exploring the perfection, their hands tearing away the spandex to worship his naked form. Rick was always generous this way, because he knew no man in this gym would ever have him. There were a few who had asked, even begged, but only two had met the level of perfection Rick demanded to accept their clumsy come-ons. The sex was intense and totally self-involved, the way he liked it. But there was no way Rick was going to settle for less on the basis of good sex. He knew Adonises were too egotistical to be truly worthy to worship at the feet of Zeus.

As Rick entered the showers, he looked to see who would share in the adoration of his complete nudity. There was only one man. His middle age paunch made him unacceptable as a plaything, but Rick was feeling generous. Facing the man, he slowly soaped his body. He watched the fascination in the eyes of his latest captive as his hands moved the lather over his chest. Then he moved his hands deliberately and forcefully to his crotch. He grabbed his balls, lathering them as his cock surged upward between his hands. His poor admirer was so flustered his shampoo bottle slipped from his hands. As he bent over awkwardly trying to reclaim it, Rick could see the man's erection poking into his flabby belly. Rick moved his hands behind him and seductively massaged each perfectly round cheek. He smiled, pushing his hips and his staggeringly beautiful cock forward. Unable to resist such visual ecstasy, the other man moved toward Rick, and in a slow subservient gesture, he began to kneel. But Rick turned away just at that moment, leaving the man fumbling to regain his footing and what little pride he had left.

God, the nerve of some people, thought Rick. *Can't he just be satisfied to look? Where does he get off thinking he has the right to actually have me?* He rinsed off quickly, glancing back as he grabbed his towel. The man avoided his gaze, but Rick could see that even in his embarrassment the old codger still had a hard-on. Such was the effect of Rick's body on all who were blessed to see it.

Rick viewed his wardrobe carefully. It was Saturday night and the look had to be just right. He had vacillated between a three-piece Armani and tight black leather pants with a torn shirt that exposed his chest. Eventually he decided it wasn't a night for businessmen, and he slipped into the leather. He forced his cock down the side of his leg where it would be most visible. He drove to the Eagle, where leather was a staple, but the crowd wasn't as old and wasted as they were at the Keg. After the shower incident, he was in no mood to have another old fart come on to him. All heads turned toward him as he entered the bar. He paused long enough to allow the crowd to gaze at the perfect face, the tight body, and of course, the bulge in his pants. He moved toward the bar, deliberately taking a seat between empty stools. That way newcomers could see how he stood out from the crowd. He was in perfect form and in a position to spend the night waiting to choose who would share in the glory of his nakedness and sexual largess.

Everything was perfect until, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the old man moving toward him. He was at least sixty years old, a pudgy ball of flesh that too closely resembled Santa. His hairline had receded into a monk-like bowl of white locks that melded with his beard. If that wasn't bad enough, the man's clothes were awful. Rick stared at the incredibly stupid choice of a flannel shirt with denim overalls and wondered how anyone could be caught dead in such a choice, even if he was sixty. Suddenly, the empty seats on either side were a curse, not a blessing. Rick did all he could to avoid the old man's gaze, even turning in the opposite direction of his oncoming bulk, but nothing seemed to deter him.

The man sat next to Rick and said, "Hi, I'm Stan. I don't think I've seen you around here before."

Wishing to deter the old man, he lashed out: "Who the fuck cares who you are, or if you've ever seen me? Did I ask you to come over here? NO! I did everything I could to let you know you weren't wanted here. What is it with you trolls? Do you think we enjoy your petty come-ons, that we have nothing better to do than listen to your senile babbling? Why don't you go back to your table and drown in your beer. Just get the hell out of my face!"

The old man stammered, "I'm sorry, really...I just wanted to say... to say hello...honest. I'm really sorry." He leaped from the bar stool and rushed away.

Rick watched him disappear through the entrance. For a moment he felt uncomfortably guilty for his attack, but only briefly; after all, what did the old coot expect?

"You were a bit hard on him, weren't you?" It was a quiet baritone voice.

Rick turned toward the voice. On the stool next to him sat a man whose beauty rivaled his own. He was dressed in a suit similar to the one Rick had considered earlier. It was all wrong for the Eagle, but Rick could forgive such an oversight if it meant staring into the icy blue eyes of this man. His hair was shoulder length and waved naturally into its own style,

How lucky he is, thought Rick. *It takes me half-an-hour to get my hair right, and this guy probably doesn't even own a styling brush.* The man's body was exquisite. Formed from the

same flawless mold that had created Rick, he sat in perfect serenity. Even the bulge in his slacks told Rick he would have competition in bed, and that is where Rick would have him. He knew it. He just had to play him correctly.

The stranger spoke again. His voice was cool and flowing, like water over stones. "He only wanted to say `Hi'. Stan makes it a habit to greet most everybody who comes in. He's really quite harmless, even pleasant."

"I'm sorry I was rough on him," replied Rick convincingly. "I had a hard day and I took it out on him. Still, you must know what it's like to have his kind come on to you. I mean, what kind of sex would he be?" Rick laughed. He was satisfied at how quickly he had turned the conversation to what he wanted.

"He's never asked me to go to bed with him," said the stranger as he sipped his drink. "But then I know his lover fairly well. They were together for thirty-two years, so he must do something right."

Rick fumbled for control. "Well, if he's so great, where's his lover now?"

"He's dead. Died a year ago. I suppose that's why Stan tries so hard to befriend everyone."

Rick stared into the stranger's eyes. "I thought you said you know his lover."

The stranger smiled back. "Did I? A slip of the tongue."

Rick took the opportunity. "Perhaps we could slip our tongues together," he suggested. "It would be a night we'd never forget."

The man stood up and placed his glass on the bar. "I'm sure it would be great, but unfortunately, I have an appointment."

"At eleven o'clock at night?" Rick fumed. He had never been turned down before, for any reason, let alone for such a lame one.

"I keep very odd hours," replied the man. "But I'm sure we'll meet again later."

"Do you want my phone number?" Rick asked, suddenly mortified at how close to begging his voice sounded. He grabbed a napkin and quickly wrote it down. When he finished his scribbling, he looked up, but the stranger was gone.

Rick drank through the rest of the night. No one could match the stranger's beauty, and he was in no mood to settle for second best. At closing, Rick staggered to his Corvette. He remembered starting the car, and very little else.

The car seemed to slide over an embankment, and his face—his beautiful face—shattered with the glass as he lurched forward through the windshield. A steel bar pierced his chest. The last thing he remembered before he lost consciousness was rhythmic spurts of warm blood gushing from his smoothly shaved chest.

When he awoke, he was lying naked in a field of warm grass. He arose and followed a small stream until it led to a village with buildings that looked plucked from a Cinderella story. But from that point, all similarity to a children's story ceased. This quaint hamlet was populated by the most amazing men. Beautiful men! So beautiful and smooth that their skin seemed to radiate its own light. No matter what color hair or nationality, each had flawless skin and form. There were no blemishes, no hair out of place, and as their muscular bodies paraded through town, Rick was delighted to see each and every one was naked—joyously, uninhibitedly naked.

As each man walked along, his manhood bobbed back and forth gloriously erect. Rick looked at himself and realized that he too was as tightly erect as he had ever been. A full nine inches, it had never looked better. He knew he had finally found what he had only dreamed was possible: a place where his beauty and captivating sexuality would finally find full expression. He hurried into the town. He watched as the men moved into groups. They hugged, kissed, their hands exploring each other. Then the groups broke up, their members moving on to form other groups whereupon the sexual ritual was repeated. Rick eagerly joined in until the fondling became too much and he yearned for release. He chose a handsome blond with whom to enjoy the climax of his first sexual foray.

He smiled at the blond beauty and asked, "Why don't we go somewhere a bit more private."

The youth laughed out loud. "Are you kidding?" he asked, gently stroking Rick's cock. "Sorry. I mean kissing, hugging, even this, is one thing. But sex? With you? I've got an appointment at four o'clock with someone who puts you to shame. If I'm lucky, he'll chose me."

"What man?" demanded Rick angrily. Sure these guys were handsome, but none more so than himself. How dare this smart ass turn him down?

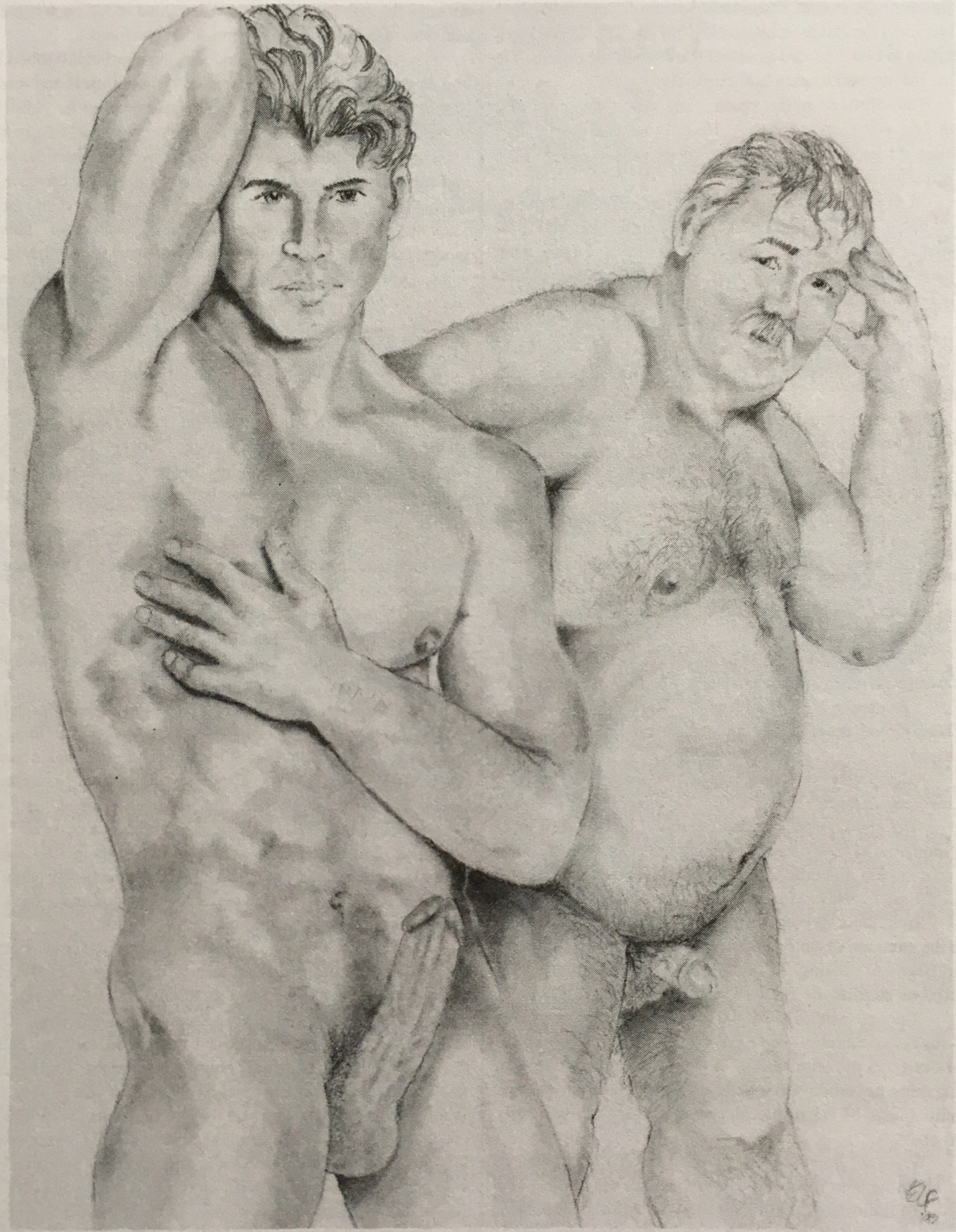
"There's a picture of him in the latest issue of "New Arrivals," chirped the blond. "Come with me, I'll show you. You won't believe how incredibly hot he is. I'm very lucky that I even have a viewing appointment."

The blond grabbed Rick's hand and led him through the crowded street, slowing only when men wrapped in their embrace with another would reach out to warmly rub Rick's passing body. They arrived at the library and the blond passionately kissed the librarian. While the librarian slipped his hands between Rick's legs, the young man grabbed a copy of "New Arrivals". The blond pointed toward two seats in a far corner. "You won't believe this guy," he sighed. "I practically came just seeing his picture." Rick wondered what god must have descended from Olympus to elicit such adoration.

"He's not like us, you know," the blond continued. "I mean, we're plain, ordinary, almost ugly, I guess. We're so boring, so much alike. He's different. No ugly washboard stomach" he said, pounding his perfectly tight abdomen. "They say he's got a tummy. You know: round. God, can you believe it? What I'd give to be twenty pounds overweight. And his dick! The magazine says it's six inches hard! Can you believe it? I mean, I've heard guys who said they've had a man with four, but you know how guys exaggerate about that stuff. I've never seen anything under ten, but it says six in the magazine. I wonder what it would be like just to touch it. Wouldn't it drive you nuts? But that's not the best part. He's got—oh God, I'm ready to come just thinking about it—a BALD SPOT! Can you believe it?"

"Believe it? NO! HELL NO!" screamed Rick. "What kind of joke is this?"

"No joke, Rick," said the man with a voice as soothing as water moving over stones. "In a world of stark beauty, being ordinary can make you stand out. After all, beauty is in the eye



of the beholder." Rick turned to see the stranger. Still dressed in his suit, he looked again overdressed for the occasion.

"Oh, here he is!" said the blond, holding up the magazine. "Look, he's wearing overalls! Aren't they enough to make you just shoot all over yourself?" The young man gyrated his hips in a mock frenzy. "And look, a beard. I'd absolutely die if he had a hairy chest under that flannel shirt." The young man flopped back into his chair. "His name is Stan."

"Stan?" Rick repeated.

"He was my appointment last night," replied the stranger

in the suit. "I'm Death, but then I suppose you figured that out by now. Sorry not to meet you personally, but I was getting Stan settled in. I still can't say what he's like in bed, Rick, but he's one hell of a kisser. Oh, speaking of Hell, Rick..."

"What?" interrupted Rick. "This is supposed to be Hell? A place where guys can't tell good looks if they have it shoved in their face? Frankly, I'd prefer the lava and brimstone. Where are the eternal fires I've read about?"

"Well, Hell is relative," answered Death. "What seems to be Hell to you is certainly Heaven for Stan."

"So I'm stuck here for Eternity with Stan?" moaned Rick.

"Of course not. That would be cruel," cooed Death, smiling. "Leaving you forever in a place where the most desirable man around is someone you verbally abused in your last life? I'm not nearly so vindictive. Not that I have much say in these matters, but I'm truly not unsympathetic to your plight, Rick." He began to idly flip through a book. "Stan will eventually move on. You see, after thirty-two years, Stan and Bob are still crazy in love with each other. Go figure, huh?" Death sighed happily. "After a bit of hedonistic excess, Stan will miss Bob and go in search of him. Eventually, they'll wind up in a small town where Stan will teach Biology to kids. Stan loves kids. Almost married once, he wanted them so bad."

Death looked up from his book. "But I digress. Rest assured that before long, Stan will move on to his final resting place. And you? I suppose in time you might learn to enjoy how good a big mature man can feel when you squeeze him. Nothing quite like it, really. Or you can wander around feeling up guys who think you look rather plain. It's your choice. Maybe you'll even acquire a bit of compassion along the way." Death shut the book. "But, I wouldn't hold my breath."

"So there are no eternal fires, huh?" asked Rick.

"I guess that depends on your outlook."

"This isn't so bad," thought Rick. "I can bide my time here, act the contrite soul who learned his lesson. I can do sincere looks. Even cuddle up to a troll or two if that's what it takes to get me out of here. If Stan can move on, so can I. Just bide my time with these idiots until I get the green light to go someplace where I can be appreciated for what I really am. Shouldn't take too long with my--."

"Oh, one other thing," Death interrupted. "Hell is such a misunderstood concept. People say you're damned, but they forget what it means."

"Damned?" asked Rick.

"Stopped up—backed up—nowhere to go. This is it, Rick. For eternity. I hope you enjoy it." Death smiled, and with a twinkle in his eye, he was gone.

"You bastard!" screamed Rick. "You can't leave me here! It's not fair! I DON'T DESERVE THIS!"

Rick pounded his perfect fists against the wall as his anger flamed into a burning rage--a rage so hot and all-consuming, he knew it would burn for eternity.

ELF and his mate, Pat, live in Hillsboro, Oregon. As you can see, ELF is equally at home with a word processor or a drawing pencil--a blessed rarity. An incredible talent.

ANNOUNCING CR CLASSICS #3

Scheduled for Distribution November 15, 1993!

For those of you who were around when we published the infamous ENCORE COLLECTION in 1989, you'll know how quickly that sucker sold out, even though it contained lots of material which had been published before. It touched a nerve. After the press run was depleted, we had readers offering us big bucks just to photocopy one for them--something we just couldn't do. CR CLASSICS #3, like the ENCORE COLLECTION, will contain some older stuff and a lot of current material just too hot for our regular CR issues.

Such as:

1. Photography from the Orlando Gathering which graphically explains why some guys had perpetual smiles on their faces.

2. All new and outrageous RAM and KEMUSH drawings in full color.

3. Page after page of short, hot fiction by our master storytellers, as well as some newcomers. We'll feature highly erotic fiction by ROY ELMO, PUG SNIDER and some writers you've never heard of but will never forget. We're not talking about the routine, dumb porn you normally get with most of the other magazines. Our material is fresh, unique, literary--the pieces actually tell stories about people we can all identify with.

4. Color photography going back to 1989 and featuring some of your favorite models in a way you've never seen them.

5. Material, the rights to which we've owned for some time but haven't had the guts to publish until now.

6. And last but certainly not the least exciting: outrageous photos of the exploits of GEORGIA EDDIE and KIM during the Orlando Gathering.

Those subscribers who have an "S" in the code on their label will automatically receive CRC#3. If your label does not, see ordering instructions in the back of this issue.

DON'T MISS IT!

THE FINAL WORD

THE CR '94 SPRING GATHERING IN LAS VEGAS

Well, the contract is signed and we're committed. Now, if only we can get 500 guys to show up, we'll break even for a change. If 1,000 show up, we might even make enough money to bring back the glossy covers.

Bruce and I drove to Las Vegas last month after receiving and analyzing 10 bids. Narrowing the short list down to three hotels, we spent one night at the Riviera and another at the Aladdin. Having met with their convention sales staffs and throughly checking out both hotel's food service and banquet facilities, we drove to the Palace Station to check them out too. All hotels have good food, service and rooms, but the Aladdin offered the best package. Their quoted room rate is the lowest, their banquet facilities are the most accessible, and they have the best security.

We told each hotel the truth: that we are a loose-knit fraternal organization made up of a diverse body of men, including all races, religions, political persuasions and sexual preferences. That last phrase got a raised eyebrow, but there were no comments. Someone asked me at Orlando why I just didn't come out and tell them that we are a gay group. I commented that to categorize our group with a word that means so many things to so many people could prejudice the hotel's opinion of us and perhaps jeopardize the entire gathering. But now that I've read the Issue #56 survey results (still coming in), I offer another reason: *we aren't all gay*. Predominantly gay to be sure, but not 100% by a long shot. We have a surprisingly large number of bisexuals and men who prefer no label. A substantial number consider themselves straight or mostly straight. As I say on our masthead: CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS.

We're really looking forward to having our shindig in Las Vegas, and we thought we'd tell you a little of what's going on there.

GENERAL: Las Vegas is the Entertainment Capital of the World. It's alive and operating at full tilt 24-hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year. One of the fastest growing metropolitan areas in the country, Las Vegas has a year-round population of just over 830,000 people and in 1992 entertained more than 21 million visitors.

CLIMATE: In the summer months, temperatures may reach over 100 degrees, but it's not likely to get very hot during early June. Shorts will be the suggested wear for CR functions, but you might want to dress up if you go anywhere fancy. Rain is highly unlikely.

GRATUITIES: Lots of workers in Las Vegas work at minimum or near minimum wages and depend greatly upon tips. Bellmen usually get tipped $1-$2 per bag. Bell captains should be tipped $5 for other services such as show arrangements, travel, car rental, etc. Dealers are usually tipped by occasionally placing a small bet for them on the side. Keno runners and cocktail waitresses (the ones dispensing free drinks to slot and table gamblers) are also tipped. For an $8 fare, a taxicab driver should get a dollar plus change. Over $8 would be $2 or more. For a very short trip, the driver should get $2 to $5 to compensate for his wait in the cab line. The person who valet parks your car should get a $2 tip, plus don't forget the maid when you check out.

GAMBLING: For those who aren't familiar with gaming, we will offer some tips on the the subject in the hospitality room. Free craps, blackjack, roulette, poker and baccarat lessons are available at many hotels.

FREE ENTERTAINMENT: Tour the dazzling new Luxor and MGM Grand Hotels; check out the strolling entertainers at Excalibur or the incredible pool area and aviary at the Tropicana; ride the moving sidewalks into Caesar's Palace to watch the heralded entrance of Caesar or catch a lounge act or visit the Forum Shops, billed as "The Shopping Wonder of the World"; gawk at the white tigers on display at The Mirage, then stick around for the eruption of the man-made volcano; thrill at the sight of the free circus acts at Circus Circus; then do a tour of all the casinos and lounge acts on the way back. Don't try to do this in just three days, however.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENT (ongoing, current $ per person, subject to change by 7/94):

Aladdin, "Country Tonight," $19.95 (includes dinner)

Bally's, "Jubilee!", $40.00

Excalibur, "King Arthur's Tournement," $24.95 (includes dinner, tip and taxes)

Flamingo, "City Lites," $28.50 (includes dinner)

Mirage, "Siegfried & Roy," $72.85 (includes 2 drinks) and "Cirque du Soleil," $38.50

Riviera, "An Evening at La Cage," $12.50 (includes 2 drinks) or "An Evening at the Improv," $12.50 (includes 2 drinks) or "Splash," $27.50 (includes 2 drinks)

Sahara, "Boy-Lesque," $17.50 and "Island Magic," $18.95 (includes dinner)

Tropicana, "Folies Bergere," $26.95 (includes dinner).

Of course, this is only a drop in the bucket. There's entertainment everywhere in Las Vegas.

If you think that a wild four-day vacation in Las Vegas with a bunch of CR family members is for you, read the registration information on the next page and join us.

There is a time for everything in this universe. Now is *our* time. Now is the time for C-Risers to come together in friendship, brotherhood and love.

Pat and Bruce

CHIRON RISING SPRING GATHERING - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
JUNE 5 THROUGH JUNE 8, 1994
REGISTRATION INFORMATION

WHO'S INVITED

All CR readers (subscribers, book store buyers, mail order buyers, those who read the copies of others, and even those who dislike the publishers).

THE HOTEL

THE ALADDIN HOTEL AND CASINO, 3667 Las Vegas Blvd., South - A block or so south of Bally's, Caesar's Palace, The Mirage and Flamingo, and a block north of the Tropicana, Excalibur, and the new MGM Grand and Luxor. The Aladdin features 1,200 suites and rooms, 3 gourmet restaurants, a coffee shop, a snack bar, a buffet restaurant, 24-hour room service, swimming pool, tennis courts, a 700-seat showroom ("Country Tonight"), a 100-seat lounge, and a 7,000-seat theatre for the performing arts. Rooms are elegantly appointed and feature private safes, a choice of two double beds or one king, and spectacular views. McCarran International Airport is less than 3 miles away. The Aladdin's casino is 50,000 square feet, airy (not at all smoky), and claims to have some of the loosest slot machines in Las Vegas. This hotel cares about guest safety and has installed an elaborate security system with video monitors overlooking all hallways on every floor.

ROOM RATES: An unbelievable $36, exclusive of taxes. That's $36 per ROOM, or $18 per person, double occupancy. No more than two to a room, please. Room rates are applicable from June 3 through June 10, based on availability.

RESERVATIONS AND TERMS: Room reservations may be made by calling (800) 634-3424 and stating that you are part of the Chiron Rising group. A one night's room deposit will be required, as well as a security deposit for telephone charges. Guests are urged to post a major credit card instead. Since this price is based on our being able to fill 300 rooms, all attendees are required to stay in the host hotel (unless they live in the Las Vegas area or the hotel sells out of rooms). Check-in can be no earlier than 3:00 p.m., and check-out must be no later than 12:00 noon.

WARNING: The hotel will hold these rates until May 1, 1994, or sell-out, whichever comes first. If you wait too late to register, you may get stuck in a less desirable hotel at a rate triple the above special rate.

THE GATHERING ITINERARY

Sunday, June 5

4:00 p.m. to ? - Registration and reception in our private hospitality room at casino level. Light refreshments will be served. Identification badges will be issued for entry into all functions. Hotel keys must be shown at time of registration (driver's license for locals).

Dinner on your own.

Monday, June 6

Breakfast on your own.

10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon - CR Hospitality Room. Refreshments, socializing, rap sessions, special speakers, video presentations, cruising and other forms of entertainment will be available. Schedules will be announced at a later date. It's our private retreat, so come and go as you please (always wear your badge).

Lunch on your own.

2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. - Hospitality Room with more of the same.

5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. - Lavish cash bar cocktail party with hot and cold hors d'oeuvres in one of the ball rooms.

Dinner on your own.

10:00 p.m. to ? - Hospitality Room.

Tuesday, June 7

Breakfast on your own.

10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon - Hospitality Room.

Lunch on your own.

2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. - Hospitality Room.

5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. - Cash bar cocktail party with hot and cold hors d'oeuvres.

7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. - Theme Buffet Dinner in one of the ball rooms.

10:00 p.m. to ? - Final night for Hospitality Room.

Wednesday, June 8

9:00 a.m. to 11:00 - Farewell Brunch.

INCLUDED IN REGISTRATION PACKAGE

1. Hospitality Room refreshments (coffee, tea, sweet rolls, donuts, fruit, soft drinks, etc.) for three days.
2. Hospitality Room entertainment (speakers, video screenings, other surprises).
3. Hors d'oeuvres for June 6 & 7 cocktail parties (from nuts to jumbo shrimp to rumaki).
4. June 7 lavish dinner buffet in a theme to be announced.
5. June 8 farewell brunch buffet.

REGISTRATION FEE AND TERMS

Special discounted rate until 11/30/93 - $90.00 per person.

Postmarked no later than1/15/94 - $105.00 per person.

Thereafter - $120.00 per person (subject to space availability).

Note: Most Las Vegas conventions are booked more than a year in advance. Standard terms of payment to Las Vegas Strip hotels is 50% of projected total food and beverage costs payable six months in advance. For us, that equates to approximately $23,000, which should explain the above incentive for attendees to register as soon as possible. Our normal cash flow doesn't come near that.

Registration fees are fully refundable up to December 31, 1993. Thereafter, registrants will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25.00. There can be no refunds after May 1, 1994, because we will have fully paid the hotel in advance. Special considerations will be made in matters of emergency.

OTHER COSTS

If you're watching your budget, Las Vegas can be one of the cheapest vacations, provided you confine your gambling activity to playing nickel slots. Drinks are free as long as you are gambling and very reasonable if you're not. Meals on your own are outrageously low. At the Aladdin, the all-you-can-eat buffet (very good food, by the way) costs only $3.95 (breakfast), $4.95 (lunch) and $5.95 (dinner). Other off-strip casino hotels have buffets even lower.

TO REGISTER

Simply tell us you're coming and remit the appropriate funds. In your note, state:

1. The full names and addresses of the persons you are registering.
2. Your preference of smoker or nonsmoker and your telephone number if you need a roommate (we haven't the time to pair you up by age and foreskin status, so please don't ask). We will advise the address and telephone number of your assigned roommate, and the two of you can decide on who makes the reservations.

We'll confirm your registration within a couple of weeks, but you may go ahead and book airfare and lodging. See you all there! The CR Staff

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST:

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
'92/93: #50, #51, #53, #54, #55, #56	1.50	3.00
'93: #57	3.00	6.00

CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#1 - FALL/WINTER 92/93 *(REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR)*	3.00	6.00
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93 *(SWIMMING TO VENEZUELA)*	5.00	7.00
#3 - FALL/WINTER 93/94 ***(NOTE: NOT AVAILABLE UNTIL 11/15/93)***	8.00	10.00

NOTE: We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere.

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #59(DEC 93) NO LATER THAN OCTOBER15, 1993

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* , you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

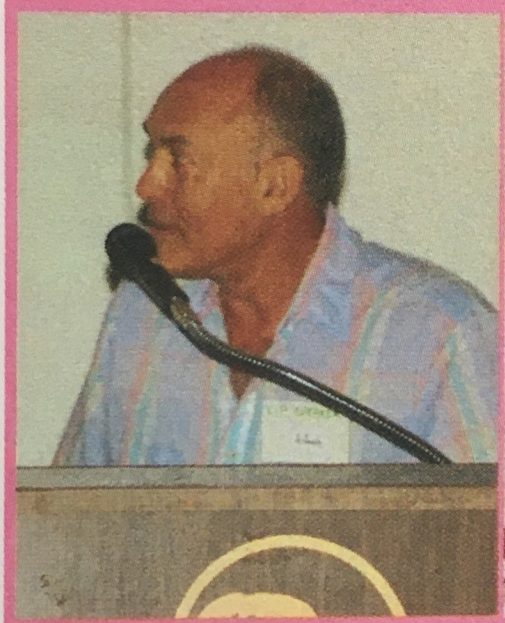
YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

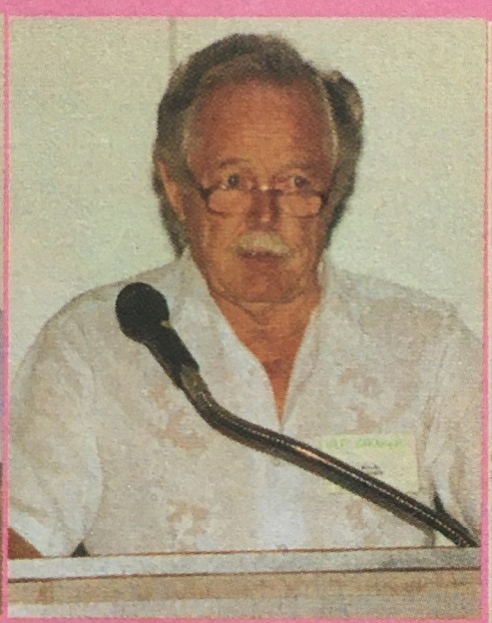
WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

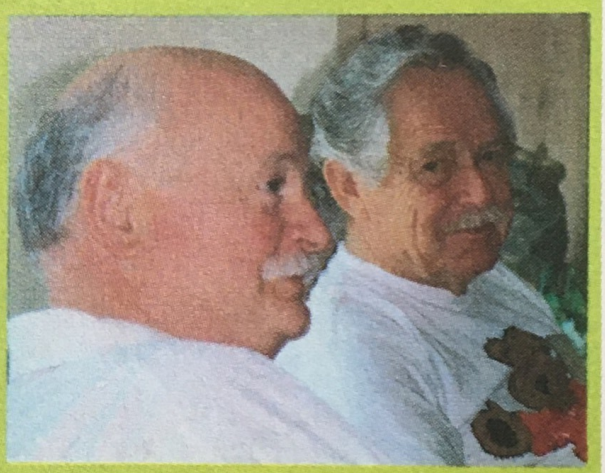
Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna,Phalan)

THE ORLANDO GATHERING

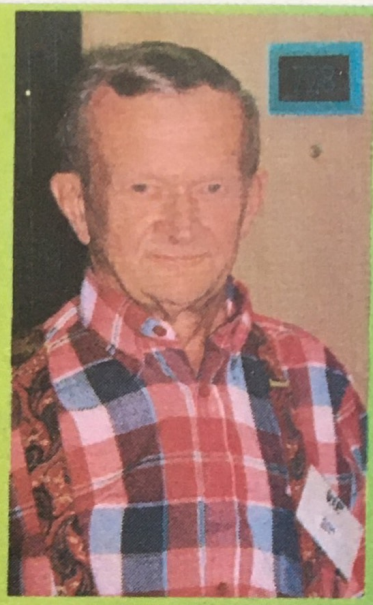


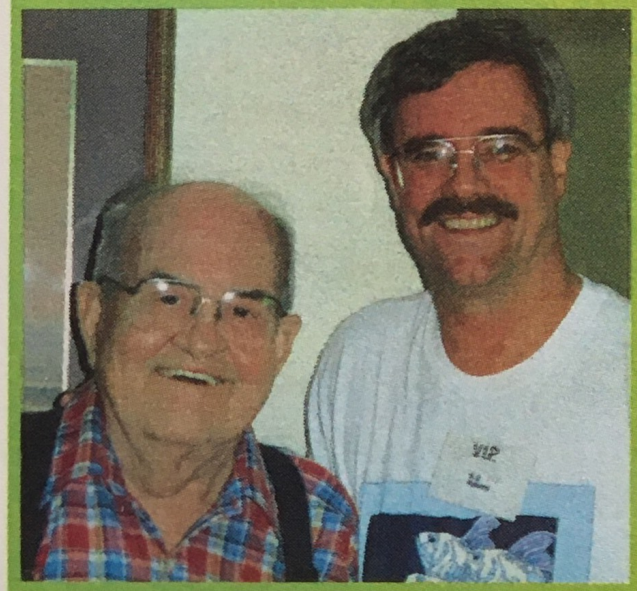


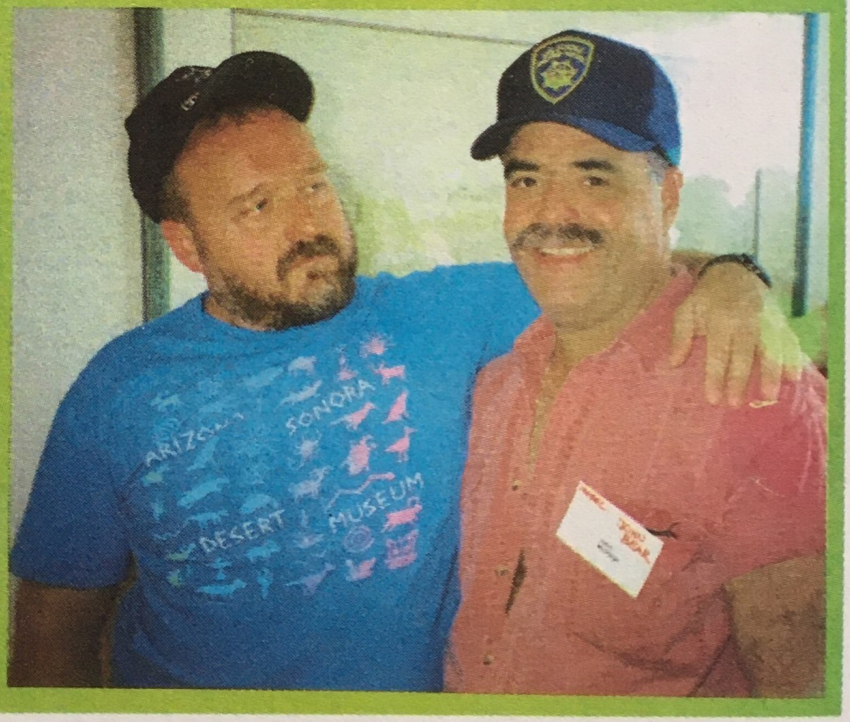
(Top to bottom, left to right) The Farewell Brunch; **C.J. SCHWARTZ, WOODY BALDWIN, JOHN McNEILL; TIGER, TEDDY BOB, MIKE CEE**



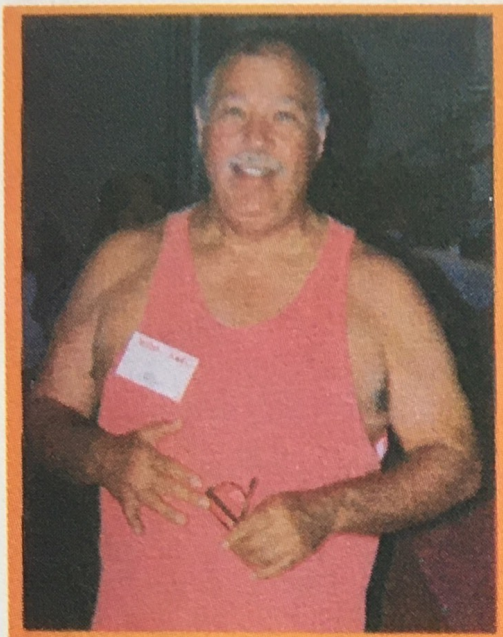
(Left to right) Top: **TURBO & ARNIE; GENTLE BEN & CASEY.** Middle: **WOO BEAR & J.T.; SEAN & WOODY BALDWIN.** Bottom: **KIM & GEORGIA EDDIE; CHET OF HAWAII**

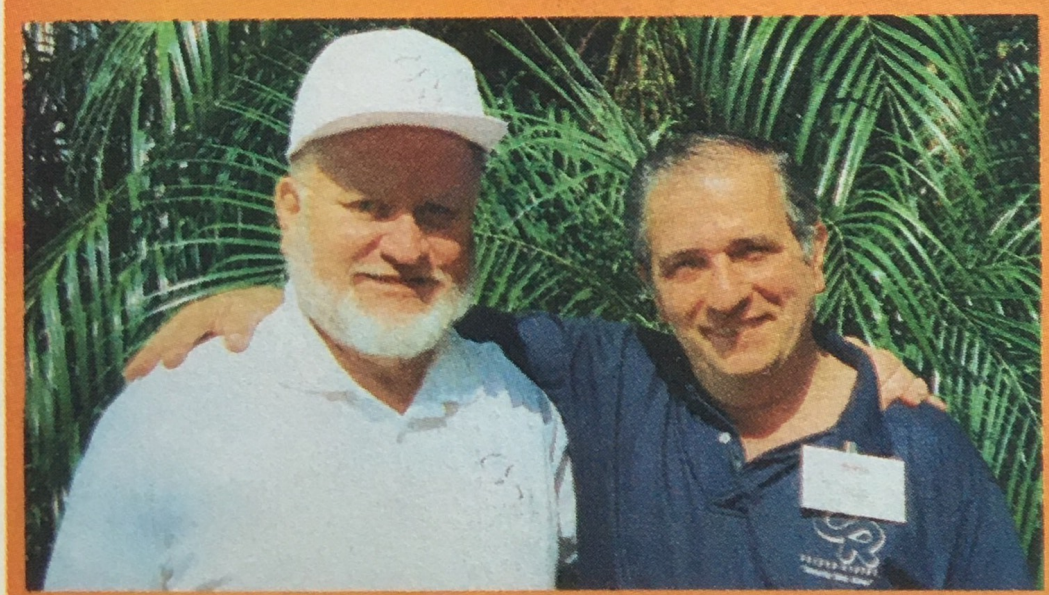




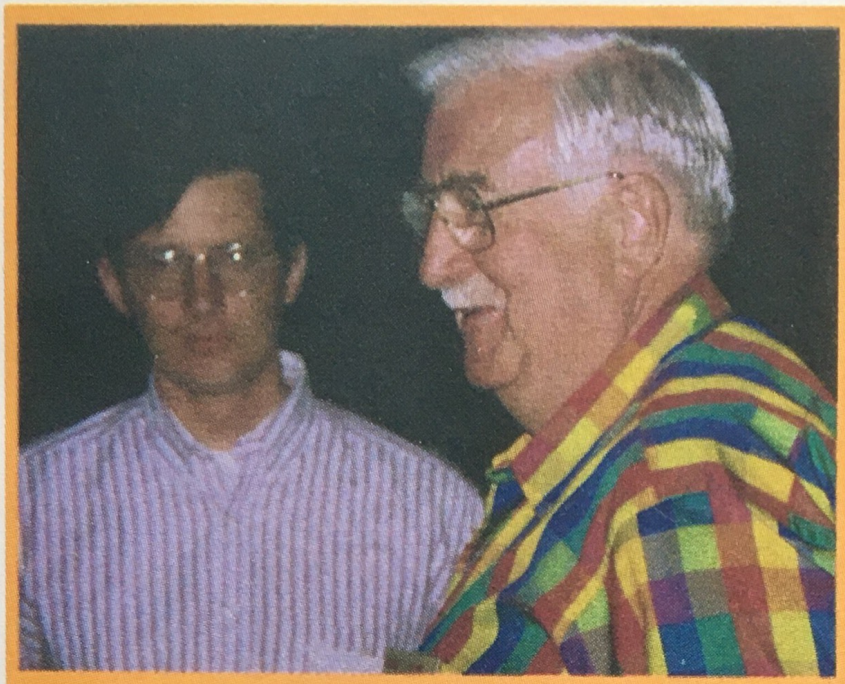


(Left to right) Top: **THE COMMISSIONER, SHORTY, BILL OF S.F., PEDER; B.B.** Middle: **SMITTY, THE COLONEL, PETER BUILT, LEN; BOB & PHIL.** Bottom: **RALPH & BOB; JOE DI FRANCO & JOHN BEAR**

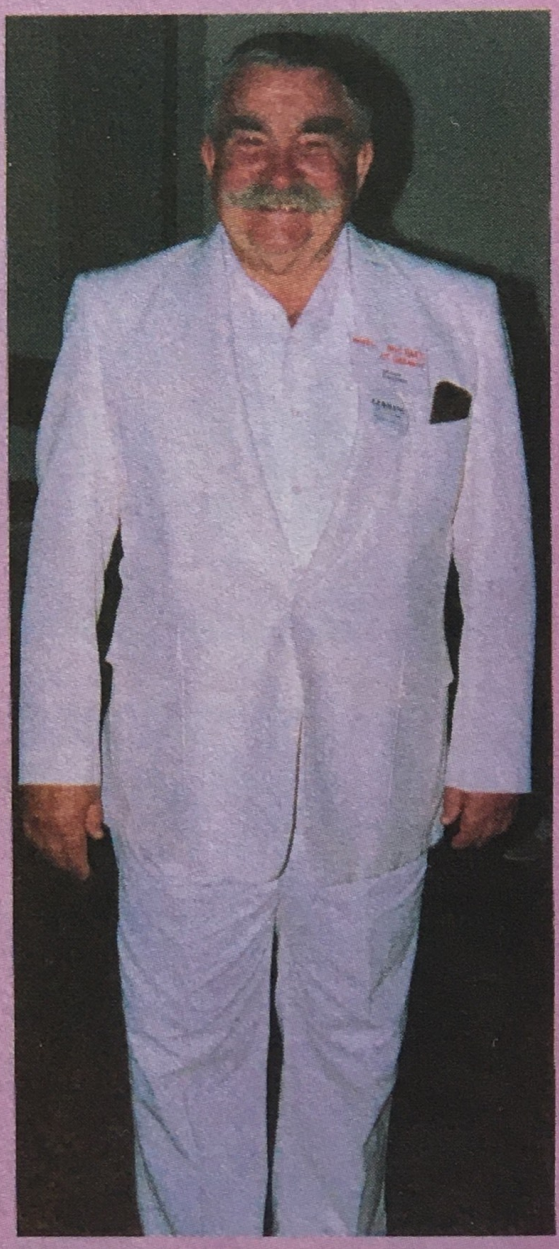




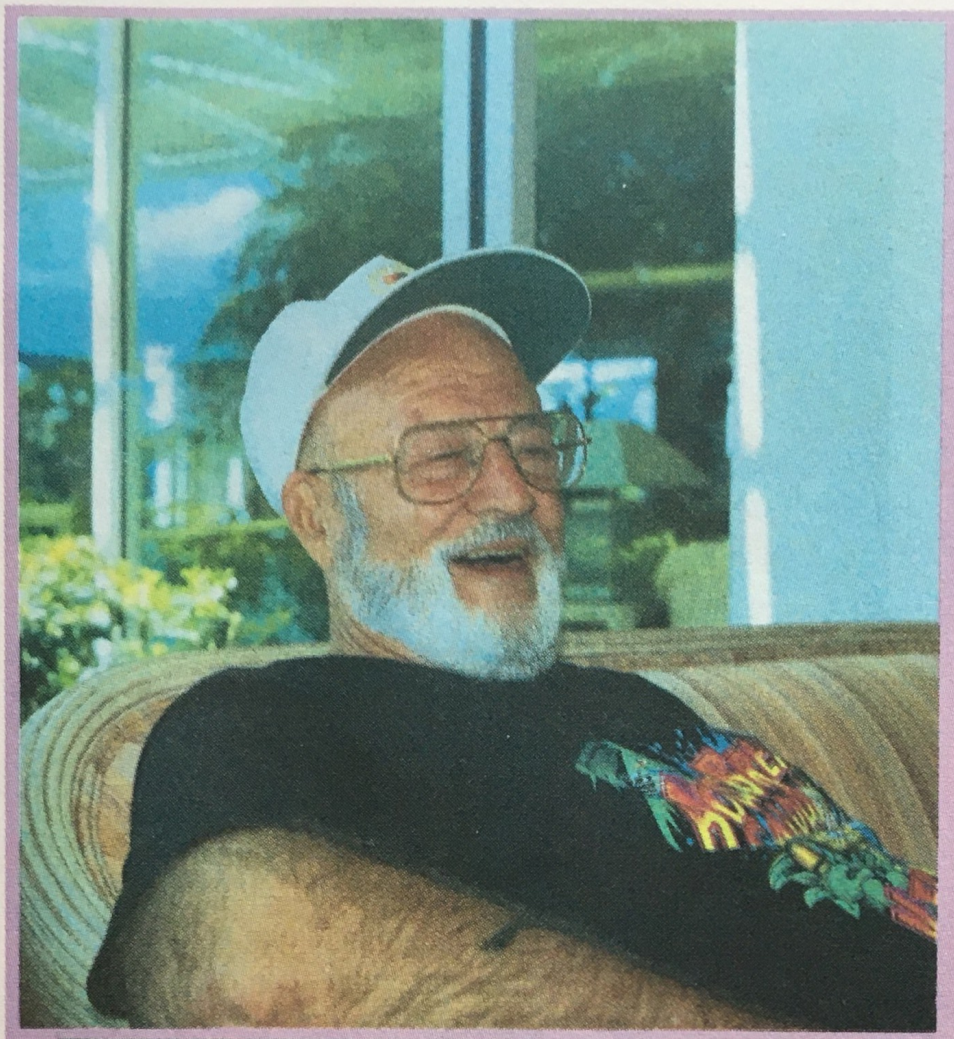
(Left to right) Top: **KARL**; **LIONHEART & BUZZ**. Middle: **BABY BEAR & PAPA BEAR**; **SUN N FUN & R.R. MICHIGAN**. Bottom: **JOHN McNEILL & CHARLIE CHIARELLI**; **EBB**

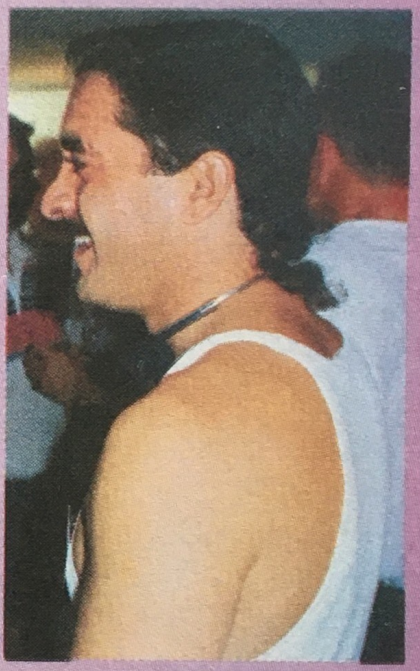


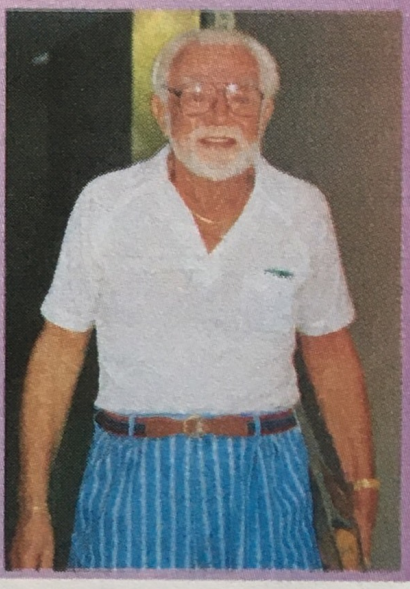
(Left to right) Top: **TEDDY & THE BANKER; PAPA BEAR, BABY BEAR, BOSTON BILL.** Middle: **C.J. SCHWARTZ; VERN & MIKE.** Bottom: **JACOB; PAT COLLEY, DENT, RR/MICHIGAN, BRUCE VAUGHAN** (Seated).



(Clockwise from upper left) **FLASH, DRIVER, THE COMMISSIONER; CHUCKY BEAR; GEORGIA EDDIE; MICHAEL OF GERMANY; FLORES & GREYBEARD; SLAYER, FLASH, AVIATOR, JOE, TOMCAT, AL, BABY BEAR; NARI, VERN OF FLORIDA, HAROLD**







(Clockwise from upper left) **THE COLONEL; VOX; KID; JACK; AL; BRAZOS, SIR CHARLES, FLASH, SLAYER.**

BEARS IN THE TREES
SMITTY OF NY & PETER BUILT